

Junior Elections
Dec. 21, 9 to 7:30.
Rally Tonight

The University Hatchet

WEEKLY

Cherry Tree Picture
Prices Go Up Jan. 1.
Why Pay More?

VOL. 29, NO. 14

Published in Two
Sections

WASHINGTON, D. C., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1932

Section One

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER
POST OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

JACQUES RENARD WILL PLAY AT PROM

Buff and Blue Basketeers Score Triumph Over Baltimore, 44-26; Three Complete Teams in Fray

First Team Runs Up Score of
20-7 Before First
Half Ends

SHOW IMPROVED FORM

Parrack, Zahn Lead Scoring
With 10 Points Each; Last
Game of Year

Showing a revamped form over last week's play, the George Washington Giants steam-rolled the University of Baltimore basketball team last night in the H Street Gymnasium, winning easily by the score of 44-26.

The Colonials were never headed after the opening whistle. The first team, consisting of Burgess and Parrack, forwards; Hertz, center, and Zahn and Chambers, guards, ran up a 20-7 score before it was replaced by the second team near the end of the first half. The substitutes held the visitors on even terms, ending the half at 22-9.

Johnny Furjanic was the sparkplug of the Baltimore team, totaling 16 points for high scoring honors of the evening. For George Washington, Parrack and Zahn led, with 10 points each. Parrack, seemingly recovered from last week's attack of the flu, played his best game of the year. Chambers played a nice defensive game throughout.

Parrack broke the ice for the Colonials, scoring on the customary opening jump shot in the first few moments of play. Before the bewildered Baltimoreans could organize themselves, the score was nine to one. Time out for the visitors did them little good; George Washington continued its flashy play, with close guarding and brilliant passes.

George Washington was unimpressive in the second half until Burgess opened up with three tallies in a row, his first scoring of the evening. One was a snowbird, the others long shots done in the famous Burgess manner. Chambers followed with a difficult basket from the side. The Colonials then regained their previous stride, and the game was in the bag.

In the closing minutes of play the second team entered the game in a body, to be followed immediately by a complete third string team.

George Washington	Baltimore U.
Burgess, f. 3 1 7	Clebaugh, f. 0 1 1
Hertz, f. 0 1 1	McGill, f. 0 0 0
Mulvey, f. 0 1 1	Furjanic, f. 7 2 16
Parrack, f. 4 2 10	Kelly, c. f. 1 1 3
Carlin, f. 0 0 0	Alperstein, f. 0 0 0
Wray, f. 0 0 0	Chandler, g. 0 0 0
Hertz, c. 4 1 9	Doyle, g. (C.) 0 0 0
Noonan, c. 0 1 1	Dick, g. 0 0 0
Wickham, c. 0 0 0	Reamer, g. 1 4 8
Zahn, g. (C.) 3 4 10	
Storion, g. 0 1 1	
Fenlon, g. 0 0 0	
Chambers, g. 1 3 4	
Shirley, g. 0 0 0	
Parrish, g. 0 0 0	
Totals 15 14 44	Totals 9 8 26
Referee, Mettler (A. B.)	
Umpire, Caruso (A. B.)	

W. & J. Scheduled To Oppose Colonials Armistice Day, 1933

Washington & Jefferson will meet the gridders of George Washington University in a game to be played in Washington, Armistice Day, November 11, 1933.

Arrangements for the contest were completed with Graduate Manager Wilbur F. Henry of Washington & Jefferson, and announcement made in the school's official publication, The Red and Black. The statement was confirmed last night by Coach James E. Pixlee, of the athletic department.

The scheduling of the game with Washington & Jefferson now brings to five the total number of games definitely booked, other contests being listed with Auburn, Tennessee, Clemson and Tulsa.

Mary King Is First Beauty To Enter Cherry Tree Contest

Mary King of Chi Omega has the honor of being the first contestant chosen for the Cherry Tree Beauty Contest as a result of her sorority being the first organization to have at least 75 per cent of its members photographed at this time. She has been chosen by her sorority sisters to represent them.

Greetings

The holidays are at hand and in this season I wish for every member of the University a good vacation. May you so enjoy your Christmas time, and New Year's festivities, that your life will be renewed and be more satisfying because you have known another bit of happiness.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

CLOYD H. MARVIN,
President.

Marvin Lauds Men On Staff 25 Years

President Calls Attention to
Faithful Service of
Thirty-one

"Twenty-five years ago" means little if one says it quickly, but if one recalls that then the Spanish-American War was not a decade old, that automobiles were comparatively new, and that most of us were yet to be born, one can appreciate the lengthy service of the 31 men who have been with the University for 25 or more years.

"The element of University experience that clings to the minds of students long after they have graduated is the personality and influence of certain teachers," said President. Cloyd Heck Marvin in speaking of the work of these professors who, with Dr. Marvin, were honored at a dinner given recently by the trustees, faculties, and administrative staff of the University.

"As I traveled about the country," continued Dr. Marvin, referring to his recent visit to alumni clubs, "the type of question I met everywhere was: 'Is Professor Blank still teaching?' Is he giving his students the same inspiration I got from him when I sat in his classes?"

In this group of 31 men who have served the University for 25 or more years are:

Trustees—Harry Cassell Davis (1880), Theodore Williams Noyes (1889), John Joy Edson (1901).
Emeritus Professors—James Howard Gore (1878), Daniel Kerfoot Shute (1884), William Kennedy Butler (1886), Sterling Ruffin (1890), Charles Edward Munroe (1892), Charles Clinton Swisher (1896), Buckner Magill Randolph (1905), Wendell Phillips Stafford (1907).
Faculty—Harry Grant Hodgkins (1889), Francis Randall Hagner (1894), George Neely Henning (1894), William Allen Wilbur (1895), Edward Elliott Richardson (1897), Paul Bartsch (1899), Edwin Charles Brandenburg (1899), Walter Collins Clephane (1899), Charles Sidney Smith (1900), Charles Stanley White (1901), Harry Hampton Donnelly (1903), John Paul Earnest (1903), Ray Smith Bassler (1904), Albert Burnley Bibb (1904), John Wilmer Latimer (1904), William Alanson White (1904), Harry Hyland Kerr (1905), Alfred F. W. Schmidt (1905), William Carl Ruediger (1907).
Administrative—Charles W. Holmes (1896).

ELECTED LEADER



LEE CARLIN.

Triple-threat back of the Pixlee eleven, has been chosen captain for the coming season.

Lee Carlin Chosen 1933 Grid Leader At Annual Banquet

Fenlon Awarded O. D. K. Cup
by Local Sports Writers;
Chambers Honored

By JOHNNY BUSICK

Although he failed to play in a single game this year, Lee Carlin, still a half-back, was elected to captain the Colonial eleven next season at the annual football banquet held December 14, at the Mayflower Hotel. A veteran of two campaigns on the varsity, Carlin suffered a broken collarbone in the first week of training at Camp Letts which placed him on the side-lines for the remainder of the season.

The selection of Carlin as captain came as a climax to an evening of pleasant festivities provided by the athletic committee of the Alumni Association and the athletic department as a final tribute to the finest team ever to represent George Washington on the gridiron.

First there was a dinner which did the Mayflower chef proud, and the way in which these gridders and representatives of the "fourth estate" packed away their vitamins surpassed even "Possum" Jim's wildest dreams.

Under the guiding hand of Dr. Frank A. Hornaday, toastmaster, the speakers of the evening were introduced. President Marvin spoke on the various phases of the past season, complimenting the squad on its excellent record, the coaching staff on its fine work under Coach Pixlee's able direction, the members of the press for their splendid cooperation, and the officials who worked the Colonial contests, for their fairness and valuable aid in building up George Washington's relations with other universities.

Pixlee Addresses Team

Coach Pixlee himself then took advantage of the opportunity to remark on the past season. He spoke in part:

(Continued on Page 3.)

Campaign Managers to Present Candidates at Convention Tonight

Four Junior Class Offices Are Sought by 13 Candidates—
Aspirants for Senior Positions Will Not Conduct
Active Campaigns

Campaign managers for the 13 people who qualified for the four junior class offices will present their candidates at a campaign convention to be held in Corcoran Hall tonight, at 7:45 o'clock. Because senior class offices are considered honorary, candidates for the Senior Council will not conduct an active campaign.

The convention tonight will be presided over by Loren Murray, chairman of the Student Council committee on class organizations. Each candidate will have five minutes' time at his disposal; this time may be used by the candidate's manager in introducing the

candidate, explaining his platform, or in any other way the candidate chooses. The University Band will be present and will play following each candidate's presentation.

Balloting 9 a. m. to 7:30 p. m. Senior and junior elections will take place on Wednesday, December 21, between 9 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. A polling booth will be set up in each school.

Results of the elections will be made known at an election returns dance to be given in Corcoran Hall from 10 to 1 on the night following elections. Music will be furnished by Jerry Free's Globe Trotters.

Ruth Molyneux, who qualified as a candidate for the Senior Class Council from the School of Education, has withdrawn from the campaign.

Trinity College And George Washington Debate Capitalism

Argument Narrows Down to
Discussion of American
Economic System

The Trinity College-George Washington international debate Friday night in Corcoran was international in only one respect—one side was from Ireland, the other, the United States. As for dealing with an international subject, Resolved: That capitalism has broken down, the debate narrowed down immediately to an attack on and a defense of the present American economic system.

Arthur Murphy and Seymour Mintz of George Washington upheld the negative against Garret Gill and James Auchmuty of Dublin. The contest swiftly developed into a battle of wits between an American Irishman, Murphy, and a Dublin Irishman, Auchmuty. Both Auchmuty and Gill advocated government regulation or centralized control of industry. It was not pointed out that this is unconstitutional in the United States except in the case of interstate commerce.

Murphy declared, in defense of his proposition, that it was not a question of whether we should get a new car in place of our old, but whether the old car would run. To explain his figure of speech, Murphy said that if our present system of capitalism, as it is, continued in its essential functions despite depressions, it was like an old car, which if given a little encouragement, would keep operating.

To this, Auchmuty retorted by comparing capitalism to a railroad. The engine is the system and the coaches the people. When the train breaks down, some of the coaches are left behind.

The debate, which proved highly interesting, was given before a fairly representative audience. All of the speakers were greeted enthusiastically; there is little doubt that their speeches furnished much stimulus for future argument among those who were present.

Professor Gilbert L. Hall of the Law School, occupied the chair and welcomed the Irish debaters, for whom this engagement concluded an extensive tour of the United States.

Tau Epsilon Phi Convention To Meet at Mayflower Hotel

Tau Epsilon Phi will hold its annual convention at the Mayflower Hotel for three days, beginning December 30, with the George Washington and Maryland University chapters acting as hosts.

Seventy-six delegates, representing 36 chapters, will attend the conference, which will open with the initiation of ten men from the George Washington chapter.

Brown Vonesky, former George Washington football player, has arranged the schedule, which includes, besides numerous business conferences, a supper dance at the Mayflower Hotel, and his Riviera orchestra playing the rhythm, a dinner dancing Bobby Ford's Colored Syncopated and a stag banquet.

The convention will close January 2, with a supper dance at the Maryland chapter.

Willard Ballroom Chosen for Scene of Interfraternity Society Highlight

Orchestra Starred With Morton Downey and Tony Wons on Camel Hour

DANCE SET FOR FEB. 1

Invitations Obtained From Interfraternity Delegates or Prom Committee

By LUDWIG CAMINITA

The Columbia Broadcasting Company presents Jacques Renard and his Camel quarter-hour orchestra at the Interfraternity prom which will take place in the main ballroom of the Willard Hotel on Wednesday, February 1, it was announced by Wendell Bain, prom committee chairman.

Jacques Renard's music has had engagements with the Victor, Columbia and Brunswick companies. Camel quarter hours, featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons, renewed their contract with Renard four times for a total of 52 weeks. At the date of writing, Renard is starring at the Fox Theatre, and is to the Capitol Theatre in New York City next week.

The orchestra has played at some of the best night clubs in the country, including such well-known ones as Cogan Groves, the Mayfair, and the Copland Plaza. Last year Renard's music could not be obtained in Washington because of the prohibitive price asked for his services. It is a distinction for the Interfraternity Council to be able to present such an outstanding musical aggregation.

Renard has had previous experience at college proms, having played at Harvard, Yale, and Dartmouth. Later he entered vaudeville and radio and has confined his activities principally to these fields.

Invitations to the prom may be obtained from any of the Interfraternity delegates or from the prom committee composed of Wendell Bain, chairman; Grant VanDemark, and Jerry Free.

Glee Clubs to Sing On National Hookup

Community Tree Program
Christmas Eve Includes
Carols by Glee Clubs

A nation-wide hook-up will carry the voices of the combined George Washington University Glee Clubs on Christmas Eve as they participate in the annual lighting of the national community Christmas tree at Sherman Square. This year's ceremony is expected to be one of the most elaborate in the history of the event. Vice President Curtis will bring the season's celebration to a climax by lighting the living tree at dusk after a short address.

The program will be opened at 4:30 with a half-hour of Christmas music played by the Marine Band. Senator Arthur Capper, of Kansas, is expected to preside at the ceremonies.

Under the direction of Dr. Robert Howe Harmon, the glee clubs will present the following selections:

The Bells (Women's Club)
The Holly and the Ivy (Men's Club)
Silent Night (Combined Clubs)
Gruber

Main Library Will Remain Open for Part of Holidays

For the convenience of students, the main University Library will be open from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. on December 23, 29 and 30. On December 31 it will be open from 10 a. m. to 2 p. m. The library will be closed on December 24, 25, 26, 27 and 28, and on January 1 and 2.

The University Hatchet

Member
Intercollegiate Newspaper Association of the Middle Atlantic States—National College Press Association.

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Published weekly from September to June, with one issue in July, by the students of The George Washington University, Washington, D. C. Entered as second-class matter, October 27, 1911, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized March 8, 1919. Telephone National 6463 (University Exchange) then ask for "University Hatchet." (After 7 p. m. and on Sunday call District 5170.) For last-minute news call Shepherd 2321. Subscription, \$2.00 a year.

GEORGE WASHINGTON PUBLICATIONS
Executive Officer.....Douglas Belmont
Graduate Manager.....Henry W. Herzog

WASHINGTON, D. C., TUESDAY, DEC. 20, 1932.

University Lacks the Facilities For Reserve Officers' Training Corps

Referring to recent discussion as to the desirability of establishing an R. O. T. C. unit in The George Washington University, President Cloyd Heck Marvin points out that even were such a unit the unanimous desire of the student body, the University lacks the facilities prerequisite to its establishment.

Four years ago, President Marvin recalls, a movement for an R. O. T. C. unit arose in the student body. Investigation at that time disclosed the fact that universities which desire that R. O. T. C. units be installed are required by the War Department to supply an adequate armory and drill field.

This fact, together with the information that the University is not in the position to supply such facilities, was made clear when the present movement was started.

In view of these conditions, "it would seem that discussion concerning a Reserve Officers' Training Corps in The George Washington University is pointless."

Troubadour Music a Hit; Show Abounds in Purity

Now it can be told! The Troubadour show was far above the standard of the even "better than average" original University musical productions. In humor and clever quips it was distressingly good. It abounded in purity. And there was much demand for the Beattie book among Sunday Schools and Women's Club organizations.

But there is no doubt that Daniel Beattie has splashed around with some very catchy chords and notes, which, when presented by an orchestra sound suspiciously like "hits" which should extend beyond the confines of the McKinley auditorium or George Washington campus. By all of which we mean to intimate that with a little adjustment in song titles Dan's music should be more than just the incidental snatches to a musical show.

1933 Cherry Tree Will Be A Real Student Yearbook

It is significant to us that the 1933 Cherry Tree staff is making unprecedented progress in the preparation of an epoch-making annual. Perhaps the most refreshing of the new features is a "March of Events" section. This portion of the book presents a pictorial panorama of the important events of the school year.

Not only has the staff seen fit to add this feature to the book, but it insures against omissions by soliciting pictorial contributions from students.

Thus we can truly say that the 1933 Cherry Tree is more than a gesture—it is your book—so help make it good! And support it by subscribing to it.

The Time Has Come to Stop Thieving and Petty Pilfering

Some time ago it came to the attention of The Hatchet that thieving was being carried on in certain places in the University. At least money and valuables were disappearing and the facts, as they appeared on the surface, indicated inside work.

At that time we hoped that it might be just an incident, and thought it best for all concerned to make no mention of the matter. But it has not stopped and we think the time has come to warn the guilty party or parties that there is now enough interest in their apprehension to warrant an immediate cessation of their activities.

Students Attended the Football Banquet, But Where Was the Faculty?

On Wednesday evening the University staged its annual Athletic Banquet. Following a successful football season the affair was especially significant. It was a crowning event. Despite the depression a goodly number of interested George Washington students attended. But the faculty was conspicuous by its absence. Only one solitary member of that august body appeared—and he was an invited guest. Some few professors could legitimately argue that they were in attendance at the premiere performance of the Troubadour show which opened on the same evening. But we emphasize again that this excuse is plausible only for a FEW. It would seem to us that out of a teaching staff of several hundred more than one instructor at the University should have found his way to the Mayflower Hotel.

Bouquets and Brickbats

Congratulations to our "Danny," who really did put on a good show with his Troubadour gang... Democrats are urged to mark Marjorie ("Texas Gal") Nelson, who won first honors in the oratorical contest the other night (who said this premed from the cattle country isn't a politician?)... Our vote for the week's most unique suggestion to the coed who suggests that our University be divided so as to enable the femmes to attend "Martha Washington" while the boys struggle on to keep up the name of "George Washington" (the Bicentennial celebration is officially ended)... Really charming idea, that of the Cherry Tree, in prevailing upon masculine vanity with the "best looking male" contest (another cup for some frat to parade before the truly "amazing" eyes of a rushee from a country where men are men and beauty contests for the sex "one of those things")... A big bouquet for the Literary Review's Robert S. Allen contribution (although there is some objection to the lack of student contris)... Better luck to the G. W. Giants, who lost two close games during the week... Commendations to the German Band for its ambitions if not its music... To those persistent downtown letter writers: you asked for it—after all, G. W. was your choice (and the University has kept faith with its students)... Your own conclusions as to the standard of college debating after the recent Capitalism verbal fracas... Not even a dandelion for that prof who usurped class time to urge the adoption of an R. O. T. C. but refused to allow a contra statement by its opponents (despite the fact that they were members of the class)... And plenty of brickbats for the individuals who started all the fuss by circulating a petition after realizing the futility of establishing a unit at G. W. at the present time... How about those class elections?... There's to be a dance at Corcoran Wednesday night at which the results will be announced... Something wrong with that ad in last week's issue, "If The Hatchet Had a Walter Winchell"... We insist that our friend Dick Rollo is a pretty effective dustpan... The G. W. Boswell Sisters get our nomination for "radio" fame... And about those chorines, our alias is not quite anonymous enough to hazard any comments... For shame, you purloiners of sorority name plates... The hieroglyphics in that last week's restaurant ad on page 4 means "kosher" in English (at least so the son of a New Jersey Italian newspaper editor informs us)... To Betty of "No-name" fame, who has deserted Rollo, we offer a bouquet and recognition in the hopes that she will give Anton a break in her poignant outbursts of literary derision... Despite its forbidden triteness, here's holly and mistletoe in bestowing a host of "The Season's Best Greetings" to those of our readers who are still with us... And before we give ourselves over to the Christmas "breather," there's no excuse for those annoying boos which meet the basketball referee's decisions... What'll it be for the obstinate guard at St. Elizabeth's who refused to release an embryo doctor ("they're all med students out here," explained the man with the key)...

ANTON OMASIA.

CHIPS

It's right proud Mrs. Beattie should be of her son, for his first music ever in Troubadours... But—never over, Danny, Spigul must have room on that seat for producing the best trained chorus in the history of Troubadours... Rollo thought Spiggy fooled him and left out a rival to Denning's "Beef Trust of 30" and Schenken's "War Horses of 31," but at the end of the first half, out rolled the big train, and Spigul's "Mastodons of 1932" go down in history. It's Audrey Edmonds who was a gift from the gods... Can't somebody write a part that will fit Slicker, or is the freshman emeritus just growing old? That Stevens boy is just a city slicker; watch him, girls... Since Molyneux put that bass string in her amplifier, everyone heard her and over she went with a bang. Congrats, Ruthie... George Wells is such a sweet little boy? Torch Blower Griffith can light Rollo's lamp with any time... It's reverence we have for "Socks" Kennedy, veteran trouper par excellence, but Marjorie Mitchell—"Where did you get those pants, tell me, pretty maid?" The Boswells didn't have a thing on Gilly, Mac and Scotty... Poorest of poor humor, lack of opportunity for scenery displays, coupled with a creeping first act prevented it from being best show ever... Highlights—Slicker-Spignul dance act—the theme song and its novel presentation—the mush scene, particularly the chorus... Suggestions to better next year's show—lower admission to popular prices—50c, 75c and \$1.00—should fill the house and leave some loose change to spend at Mrs. Childs... A brass band thunder mug to Sir Savage, who by signing up the entire School of Government on his senior class petition prevented competition... Janet Young must be getting Bain's pin on the installment plan, and missed the last payment... It was a fast one on the lad who called up the med school, asked for the receiving department and got the delivery room... It was a fine football banquet, but Rollo is still puzzled why the programs were dated December 14, 1932... Kitty Chipman's mother might appeal to the police the next time she wants to get her away from an intra-mural game to bring home the family roast... Touchton, the dope-slurping champ who should pay rent at Quigley's, now thinks Betty Crain's red hair is alluring plus... Smooth Nellies—Mary Spelman, who appeared at the Varsity Club dance after getting Cheer Leader Walker to take her home early to Falls Church because her "father" (Editor Madigan) requested it... Les Gates, who with Kitty Prichard went to see Troubadours on Friday night with Saturday's tickets... We all hope Lyd Wilson, our deferred tuition pal, will recover from her illness at least by the 27th, when she is scheduled to get the orange blossoms with Maxie, the handsome athlete... All the campus cats have been working overtime since Doc Hunt's been sparkin' that handsome young interne... It's color harmony that makes Colitch Boy Parleton wear white shoes on snowy days... "I didn't think you would come after making so many cracks about us," greeted Rollo at the Kappa homecoming... A little rally is relished by the best of us, my good women... Seem' it's Xmas time, and they tell me it's the custom to send gifts, B. D. (before depression) Rollo will be a plutocrat and send some anyway—to Professor Thomas a mystery novel to take the place of his French course—Coach Pixlee a new hat and to the grid team a game with U. S. C. The basketball team a few of the football team's winning ways—Professor Ragatz a home examination to keep his brain active during the vacation—Kappa an annex to hold their pledges—Pi Phi a book of one syllable words that Virginia Jones can read and understand—Betty No-name a little apology and a bunch of forget-me-nots—John Madigan a Theta Delta pin so he can give it to an A. D. Pi.—The Haley sisters success in the quest of "Zuzu" Stewart—The Varsity Club books for the bookcase—Dr. Moss a free pants press—The A. D. Pi's the intramural cup—Cecile Harrington a steady—Dean Wilbur a set of tin soldiers—Gordon Potter some A's and B's to make him a Hatchet editor—Platonis Papps her name in Chips—The Liberal Club a stack of blank petitions—The K. D.'s a new shingle—The Theta Deltas a new billboard—The Chi Ohs better legs for next year's Troubadours—Fesler a woman that satisfies—Van Demark a column—Hatchet and the \$80 he lost on the Troubadour—Vinnie Barrows a cocktail shaker for her next—Bowman a pair of blinders to wear at University—Jerry Slicker a diploma, and to the rest of you people, phooey... Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

DICK

Petitions to the Junior Class

1. I firmly believe in the organization of the junior class and in class participation as a unit in University activities.
2. I believe that the junior class officers should carry out their duties into the senior year until the senior class officers are elected. This will insure responsible administration in any emergency.
3. I advocate strict enforcement of the point system so that a few people do not run all activities without being able to give sufficient time to any.
If elected, I pledge myself to whole-hearted administration of the office of vice president and to the advancement of the junior class.

Fred Stevenson.

The office of president of the junior class should not be made merely an honor but an office of great responsibility. The junior class should elect a man who is perfectly willing to spend his full time on the job. The class should choose a man who is in the periphery of the greatest good for the greatest number of students.

As a candidate for president of the junior class, I present to my classmates the following platform to which I earnestly urge them to subscribe:

1. I advocate an annual junior prom, the brilliancy of which will not be surpassed by that of any other social affairs at George Washington University.
2. I advocate the formation of a student departmental club to increase study and to promote more extensive friendly relations between faculty members and students.
3. I advocate further extension of scholarship and independent study privileges to juniors.
4. I advocate a more frequent calling of general meetings of juniors to promote a wider interest in their own academic, social and athletic affairs.

I hereby declare that this platform is a promise to be faithfully kept by me if entrusted with power.

John G. Barbers.

As a candidate for the presidency of the junior class, I submit the following platform:

1. A junior prom to take place in May for the purpose of facilitating acquaintances between members of this class and to initiate a tradition at George Washington University that will foster class unity.
2. The appointment of a committee to investigate the profitable establishment of certain junior class functions which will be compatible with the anomalous situation of the student body at George Washington University. Two examples they will analyze the feasibility of, are: (a) the sponsoring by the junior class of an all-class night at the University Carnival; (b) the issuance of a junior publication, the nature of which is to be determined.

By supporting me this platform may be inaugurated. With your cooperation it can be carried out. As clearly discernible, I have committed myself primarily to the furtherance of class unity. But at the same time I have incorporated a clause which will allow for the establishment of other class functions and traditions as may be found applicable. This clause is by no means a "scapegoat." The situation warrants it, and I do not deem it ethical to commit either myself or you, should I be elected, to policies which we cannot carry out.

Edward S. Northrop.

George Washington, this year, has gone definitely forward. Every University function has been heartily supported by the student body. We now stand equal in every way to the other great universities. It is time for class organization with the election of class officers. It is important for each class to have a group of wide-awake students interested in doing all that it can to make its class the outstanding one in the University. A group given authority to act for its class will analyze the situation existing at the University and of what it can to improve them. It will plan social and other events to stimulate the interest of the student body in the school.

As a candidate for the office of secretary of the junior class, I can give no platform on which to be elected, as those running for executive offices, but I can say that if elected, I will do all that I possibly can in the interest of the junior class.

Katherine Cutler.

A candidate for the position of secretary of the junior class should have a full realization of the responsibilities involved and the duties to be performed. The office not only entails the usual clerical and routine work, but also active cooperation with administrative policies and campus activities.

I hereby pledge myself, if elected, to faithfully perform a secretary's duties, and to willingly serve the class of 1934 in any way possible. I further promise hearty support to the other officers elected in their extension of plans for the junior class.

Margaret A. Liebler.

As a candidate for vice president of our junior class I wish to present to you a platform of policies for your consideration. If elected I shall endeavor to aid in furthering the following activities for the junior class:

1. An efficient and workable organization which will be of value not only to the class itself but also to the University.
2. Distinctly junior class functions, and particularly a junior prom to be given some time in the spring of each year. I feel that these functions should, and could, become a part of the body of tradition belonging to the University. The purpose of distinctly junior class functions would be to further friendship among the members of the class and to mold our large group into a unit which would take its place among the outstanding organizations of the University.

Will you co-operate with me as I shall endeavor to uphold these policies? Your assistance will be appreciated.

Harriet J. Atwell.

If elected as treasurer of the junior class I will strive to use the knowledge and experience of other treasurerships with which I have been honored for the best interests of the class of '34.

Grant W. Van Demark.

It is evident with the growing interests of George Washington University that the classes should be organized to take an active part in its development. The junior class especially should be grouped together under executive heads who will further the interests of its members to the best of their ability.

As a candidate for secretary of the junior class, I wish to submit the following projects:
1. An immediate compilation of a list of all students in the University who have junior standing, 60 to 90 semester hours' credit, as one of the responsibilities of a secretary.

2. Participation as a group in such activities of the University as the Carnival and Homecoming.

3. Establishment of an annual social function, a junior prom, to become a tradition as one of the outstanding events of the year.

4. Election of officers who will create a class feeling among the juniors and carry out their proposals, and who will not take their positions as merely honorary.

If I am elected I promise to do all in my power to uphold these projects and also those of the other officers.

Virginia Hawkins.

Historical Congress Will Hear Ragatz

Dr. Lowell Joseph Ragatz, associate professor of history, was recently invited to appear before the International Historical Congress at Warsaw, Poland, next August. He will speak before the section on modern imperialism, presenting a paper dealing with "The Significance of the Caribbean Area in the Study of European Expansion."

Bearing in mind that the purpose of organizing the junior class is, first, to foster a greater interest in the George Washington University among the students by the creation of school spirit; and second, to foster an interest in people outside the University and making 1933 a bigger and more eventful G. W. year than even 1932. As a candidate for vice president of the junior class, I advocate:

1. That the junior class cooperate with the Student Council and the administration in all University activities, and actively participate in "putting these activities across."

2. That the junior class cooperate with all the other classes in any effort that they may make for the betterment or enlargement of scope of University interest in student life.

3. Recognizing the tradition is one thing which makes a university beloved to and remembered by its students. I suggest the institution of a Junior-Senior Class Day on which competitive contests between the two classes would be engaged in, and a traditional goal or prize set as an aim. Also in order to create social tradition, I am in favor of developing the class dance idea.

5. Finally, I pledge myself to uphold all present traditions and policies of The George Washington University, and to work for whatever will benefit the school at large, and particularly the members of the junior class.

Platonis E. Papps.

In announcing my candidacy for the office of treasurer to the members of the junior class, I feel that it is only fair that the junior class has a chance to pass on my views and plans.

My platform consists of two planks applied to the junior class as a whole, and two that deal more specifically with the office of treasurer.

I am absolutely against any arbitrary settlement of class dues. It is unfair; it is bound to be unpopular; and thus prove to be a disastrous failure. No movement to arbitrarily impose dues on a class as diverse and varied as our junior class would be just—or successful. There are many other ways to get money for class purposes that will prove more popular and more successful.

I favor the formation of a finance committee to have the class treasurer as an ex-officio head. Its duties will, in effect, make every member an "assistant treasurer."

For the Oklahoma game last Thanksgiving the junior class supplied three sponsors. The success of this one game has led me to believe that the junior class should provide sponsors for some of the important basketball games yet to be played.

In many famous universities throughout the country the annual Junior Prom is the outstanding event of the social season. There is no reason why this year should not see the first of a long series of junior proms, growing in importance with the growth of the school.

I am sure that it is unnecessary to add that if I am fortunate enough to be elected I pledge the junior class my greatest efforts.

Bernard Fagelson.

In planning an innovation such as the organization of the junior class, we must first consider definite plans for the future of the class. To this end I pledge myself to effect:

1. A cooperation between the officers of the class in the performance of their duties.

2. The appointment of representative committees and line-ups, including:

a. A Social Committee, for the avowed purpose of planning an elaborate junior prom which would become the outstanding social event of the University calendar.

b. An Historian, to compile and write a complete history of the class for the year book.

c. A Contact Committee, consisting of members of the various colleges represented in the junior class, for a closer cooperation between the departments.

d. Good and Welfare Committee, for the planning of class mixers for more intimate relations between members of the class, and for the development of a definite class consciousness.

e. Special committees for existing emergencies not covered by above.

3. The perpetuating of the football sponsors as an exclusive contribution of the junior class.

Secondly, we must consider the relations of the junior class to the University. With this in mind, I pledge myself:

1. To cooperate with the officers of the other classes and with the Student Council in the encouragement of school consciousness and fulfillment of the policies of the University.

2. To attempt to restore the apparently abandoned activity for a Student Union building.

In conclusion I pledge myself to a sincere and earnest effort to fulfill successfully the above plans and at all times lend a willing ear and an open mind to all suggestions and criticisms for the benefit of the classes and the University.

Joseph Danzansky,

For President.

In presenting myself as a candidate for treasurer of the junior class, I promise cooperation with whatever officers and committees the class should see fit to elect or officers appoint.

Realizing that the success of the treasurer depends upon the support of the officers and the class, and that they, in turn, depend largely upon the condition of the treasury, I tender the

GREETINGS

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May Yours Be a Happy Holiday

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Buff and Blue Quintet Lacking Sufficient Winning Punch Nosed Out by Missouri, Duke Courtmen

Close Scores, Last-Minute Rallies Adorn Both Games With Thrills; Washingtonians Star for Carolina Blue Devils

By JOHNNY BUSICK

Meeting two of the strongest teams on their schedule last week the Colonials dropped both games to the quintets of Missouri and Duke by the scores of 33-30, and 35-34, respectively. Although the same five which hung up such a remarkable record last year is back intact, these boys never got started against the Big Six representatives from the "show me" State or against the stalwart North Carolinians in the Tech gym.

True, both scores were comparatively close. But George Washington trailed from the opening whistle in each contest and only managed to scare their rivals by last minute rallies which were stopped by the final gun.

On Saturday night Jimmy and Herbie Thompson, former Western High luminaries, led the Duke five in its second local victory, having defeated Georgetown the previous evening, 35-30. Jimmy was pretty well covered following his outstanding play of the night before, but he attracted enough attention to allow "Brother Herb" to

chalk up 8 points and just when they hurt the Colonial cause most.

Burgess' Lack Felt

Ollie Horn, shifty Carolina forward, led the scorers for the evening with six two-pointers to be closely followed by Wick Parrack who tallied three goals from the floor and cashed in on five charity shots. Wick and the entire G. W. squad seemed to be greatly hampered by the absence of Forrest Burgess, high scoring forward who is ineligible to play against Southern Conference teams.

The secret of the Southern boys' success was in evidence after the first few minutes—a smooth working organization featuring the coordinated efforts of every man. However, the Colonial cause was kept functioning adequately by the basket work of Parrack, Hertzler and Captain "Otto" Zahn. At half time Duke led by the margin of one field goal, 19-17.

Shortly after the opening of the second act, George Washington assumed a one-point lead which was erased by a swishing angle shot of Jim Thompson. Gradually the Duke quint moved ahead until they obtained a 33-24 advantage with only a short time left to play. Herb Thompson was forced to retire via the foul route and with this menace removed, the Colonials jumped to action.

Colonials Trail One Point

Parrack pushed in three of his foul shots and Noonan and Zahn each got a field goal to put G. W. back in the running. Zahn caged another basket from the floor and Carlin followed suit to put the Colonials a single point behind at 35-34, which proved to be the final result as the game finished with the two teams lining up for the next play.

On Thursday night the Missouri defense was just too much for the George Washington offense, a good scoring five against a close guarding one with the latter having a slight edge throughout. The visitors worked the double block with telling effect and tallied often enough to keep George Washington trailing constantly, although a closing spurge put Pledge's men on the heels of the Mid-Westerners.

Wick Parrack, laboring with an attack of the "flu," rang up 12 points and had his mates been as accurate with their basket-sniping efforts, the result might have been different. Johnny Cooper, midget forward, was a thorn in the Colonials' side all evening, directing the Missouri attack and managing to garner his share of the baskets.

Geo. Wash.	G	FG	P	Duke	G	FG	P
Parrack, W.	3	5	11	Horne, L.	6	0	12
Mulvey, J.	0	0	0	Hayes, R.	1	2	4
Howell, H.	0	2	2	Weaver, J.	1	0	2
Hertzler, C.	3	0	6	Thompson, J.	3	1	7
Wickham, W.	0	0	0	F. Lewis, L.	1	0	2
Noonan, C.	1	0	2	H. Thompson, J.	4	0	8
Zahn, J.	2	3	6				
Chambers, J.	2	1	5				
Fenlon, J.	0	0	0				
Carlin, R.	1	0	2				

Totals—12 18 34 Totals—16 3 35
Referee—O. Mitchell (A. B.)
Umpire—Kall (A. B.)

Yearling Courtmen Schedule Bethesda, Central This Week

George Washington's victorious freshman five will see action twice this week, meeting Bethesda-Chevy Chase High School on December 20 and Central High December 22. Both of the games will be played in the home gym. Thursday's opponent, Central, appears to be the most formidable of the two. While its opposition has not been outstanding, Central's play has been impressive. Undeclared in their last five appearances, the dribblers who wear the blue have amassed a total of 193 points against 79 for their opponents.

The play of the little Colonials was especially impressive in their meets last week, being well grounded in all phases of the game.

DUKE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MEDICINE DURHAM, N. C.

Four terms of eleven weeks are given each year. These may be taken consecutively (M. D. in three years) or three terms may be taken each year (M. D. in four years). The entrance requirements are intelligence, character and at least two years of college work, including the subjects specified for Grade A Medical Schools. Catalogues and application forms may be obtained from the Dean.

AWARD WINNER



JOHNNY FENLON,

Hero of three campaigns, was awarded the O. D. K. cup as the most valuable gridman of the season.

Lee Carlin Chosen 1933 Grid Leader At Annual Banquet

(Continued from page 1)

Regular to the ten seniors who have completed their gridiron careers, reminding them of what their football training will mean in later life and comparing the future with his own experience since leaving college.

Gilbert Hall, '18, compared football of his time to that of today. Pinch-hitting for Col. Paul B. Parker as principal speaker was Judge Hugh Tate of the Interstate Commerce Commission, who, to quote Dr. Hornaday, "came through with a hit in his unexpected role." A Tennessee grad and at present leader of the Volunteer Athletic Association, Judge Tate expressed a hope of the establishment of permanent relations between Tennessee and George Washington Universities and a scheduling of games on a home-and-home basis.

Then followed the presentation of awards. In behalf of Omicron Delta Kappa, Steele McGrew presented Johnny Fenlon with the O. D. K. cup awarded the half-pint back by a committee of local sports writers, as being the most valuable man to his team this year. Pearson and Crain, local jewelers, presented Wayne Chambers a gold football as retiring captain and everyone left the banquet hall with the idea of a "greater George Washington" firmly in mind.

Semifinals Reached In Intramural Race

Ping-Pong and Volley Ball Matches to Be Played This Week by Sororities

Of the thirteen sororities entered for ping-pong and the ten listed for volleyball, four and three teams respectively remain to fight out the third and semi-final round in the Women's Intramural Sports program this week. In volleyball teams from Alpha Delta Pi, Delta Zeta, Phi Delta, Phi Sigma Sigma, and Sigma Kappa successfully reached the second round. Further elimination left Alpha Delta Pi, Phi Delta and Phi Sigma Sigma to enter the semi-finals.

Victors in the first round of ping-pong were Alpha Delta Pi, Phi Sigma Sigma, Chi Omega, Kappa Kappa Gamma, Phi Mu, and Sigma Kappa. The succeeding matches resulted in wins for Alpha Delta Pi, Kappa Kappa Gamma, Phi Delta and Sigma Kappa. These four teams will meet in the semi-finals, and on Thursday the victors will enter the finals.

Teams may secure this week's schedule from Rowena Chafity, manager of the tournament, or from Harriet Atwell, chairman of the Intramural Board.

Manager Appointed

Ray Coombes, manager of the 1932 frosh eleven, has been officially appointed junior manager of the 1933 varsity football team.

Meet Postponed

The freshman swimming meet scheduled for December 17, in Baltimore, was postponed because of weather conditions and delayed transportation. The meet will be tomorrow night in Baltimore.

All-Star Fraternity Basketball Quint Splits Between Four Teams; Phi Sig, Sigma Nu, Sig Ep, and Delts Gain Places

Howell, Alfaro, Wickham, White and Burke Compose First Team; Representatives of Five Fraternities Selected for Second Quint

All-Interfraternity Basket Ball Team

First Team	Position	Second Team
Howell (S.P.E.)	Forward	Garber (S.K.)
Alfaro (D.T.D.)	Forward	Staubly (K.S.)
Wickham (S.P.E.)	Center	Parish (D.T.D.)
White (Sigma Nu)	Guard	Leyking (P.S.K.)
Burke (P.S.K.)	Guard	Sherrill (S.P.E.)

By EVERETT WOODWARD

Four fraternities share honors on the All-Interfraternity basket ball team with Sigma Phi Epsilon placing two in the mythical line-up. Selection of the first team was made easy by the fact that the men chosen were outstanding in their positions. The choices for the second team were more close, with little margin separating the candidates.

The selection of Howell, S. P. E., and Alfaro, D. T. D., for the forward positions has recently been given ample justification in the light of their performance on the varsity and freshman teams, respectively.

Both stylists of the game, Howell and Alfaro repeatedly gave demonstrations of all around ability and a keen eye for the basket. Alfaro set the record for individual scoring in one game by making 28 points. Both he and Howell were among the leading scorers, finishing second and third, respectively.

Garber of S. K., was a standout on an otherwise weak team and consistently scored most of his team's points. Staubly, Kappa Sig, another of the leading scorers, is given the nod over Monroe of Phi Sig, because of his more steady play.

Wickham, Unanimous Choice

The choice of "Ox" Wickham at center will be unanimously agreed upon. Averaging 19 points a game, Wickham led all in scoring with a total of 77 points. In two games he proved the deciding margin of victory for his team, his baskets giving the decision. Parish, D. T. D.; Troup, Sigma Nu; and Overton, Phi Sig, waged a merry battle for the runner-up position; Parish is given the preference over his competitors because of his being the only center to hold Wickham to even terms. Parish was also among the five leading scorers.

Competition for the guard positions was the keenest of the lot. Sigma Nu and Phi Sig both had strong defensive teams and in the instance of each contest White and Burke were found to be the guiding influence of their team. Both had a keen sense of the direction of play and were responsible for breaking up many of the opposition's scoring efforts. Leyking, P. S. K.; Boyd, S. P. E.; Sherrill, S. P. E.; Newland, T. U. O.; and Brown, Sigma Nu, have very little difference in their ability, the preference being decided by the consistency of performance.

In the writer's opinion, the first team selection as given is strong in every position, possessing the needed qualifications of two sure shots at forward, a towering center with shooting ability, and two defensively adapted guards.

The selections were based upon the players' ability, value to his team, and the consistency of his performance. The latter requirement eliminated many players who were brilliant in one game, only to fade in another.

Weekly Shoots Get Riflers in Good Trim

In a drive to put the rifle team into top-notch condition before the season begins a month from now, a match between two teams picked from the varsity squad was shot last week at the range. Captain Brightenburgh, making the top score of the evening, led his team to victory ahead of his rivals after a close contest.

These weekly shoots will be a regular part of rifle practice for the rest of the season, to accustom the men to the difficult conditions under which matches are fired. Coach Parsons says that never before has the team had better prospects for success than this year, when more than 20 students are contending for positions on the varsity team, which ordinarily numbers only 10 men.

The freshmen, organized as a team under the guidance of Harry Melcer, are expected to give a good account of themselves when the time for their first match arrives.

SPORT AXE

By ROBERT P. HERZOG

Whether Betty Noname likes it or not, I offer a floral tribute to an athlete, this time to Wick Parrack, who, though nursing a bad case of flu, went into the Missouri game last Thursday and with grim determination played through almost the entire contest.

Add dirty cracks: Okeh—Fagelson—you can button your coat now, we saw the varsity sweater!

GYM JEMS

Leo Raskowski, former G. W. line coach, is in town, having just completed a successful season with Stapleton of the National Professional Football League. Leo informed me that Joe Kresky, also an ex-coach, played with the Boston Braves, this year.

Correction

The statement made in this column last week that the German Band—which made its initial appearance this week—practiced last Sunday, was erroneous. Vus you dere, Charlie?

Pork chops and beans: Over at the Mayflower last week the ole timers got together with the youngsters at the annual Colonial grid fete. Big Jim announced that the boys had elected Lee Carlin as the 1933 leader. Lee's grin ran from ear to ear, and the coaching staff bit right through the lumps in the mashed potatoes.

Slaird got the overcoat back that somebody lifted a fortnight ago; it didn't fit—people of all varieties have been showering praise on Wally recently, but undoubtedly the most authentic praise came from Coach Pledge himself, when he said, "Wally is the finest tackle I ever coached, and one of the best I've ever seen."

DRIBBLE DRIVE

Missouri presented a clever quint against the Colonials, and exhibited a well-drilled five which used the double block to good advantage. When Possum Jim was coaching at Westminster, his five defeated the "show me" boys frequently. The Thompson brothers of the Duke court team are former Western High stars, and have run against Noonan, Shirley, Burgess, and Zahn many times in local high school games. For your info, Duke defeated Baltimore and Georgetown before they met the Colonials, and Missouri was nosed out by Butler (one of the best in the mid-West) by a close margin.

The only thing that playing in the Tech gym does for our student body is to make it wonder why the taxpayers don't endow us with one of those "Boyle's forty acre" lots.

Wanted: A seamstress to sew a G.W. emblem on Shorty's blanket.

It snow wonder that the stands weren't crowded Saturday night.

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Frosh Open Season With Two Victories

Defeat Western, 46-16, and Stop Roosevelt, 40-31; Kane, Alfaro Star

Starting off its season with a bang last week, the freshman basketball team defeated Western, 46-16, on Wednesday, and Roosevelt, 41-31, on Friday. The frosh attack was too much for Western in the opening game, and although the Georgetown boys kept the score to 17-10 at the half, Walsh's men ran away with the game thereafter.

Barney Kane won the scoring laurels in this contest, netting 12 points besides playing an exceptional floor game, while Alfaro was close behind with a total of 10.

With Troup and Alfaro leading the attack, scoring 13 points apiece, and Rathjen stopping the enemy's efforts, the yearlings outclassed Roosevelt in their second game.

Western (16)	G.F.Pts	G. W. Frosh (47)	G.F.Pts
Corcoran, J.	1 0 2	Kane, B.	6 0 12
Duval, J.	1 2 4	Forestry, J.	1 0 2
Leith, J.	0 0 0	Schoer, J.	0 0 0
Brown, J.	0 1 1	Alfaro, J.	4 2 10
Brennan, C.	0 2 2	Landman, J.	0 0 0
Bieri, C.	2 1 5	Molynaux, J.	1 0 2
Beer, C.	0 0 0	Grog, J.	0 0 0
Pierce, J.	0 0 0	Carr, J.	0 0 0
Swanson, J.	0 0 0	Burke, C.	3 0 6
Snyder, J.	0 0 0	Troup, C.	2 1 5
McPherson, J.	1 0 2	Brown, C.	0 0 0
		Davenport, C.	4 0 8
		Bathien, J.	0 0 0
		Griffith, J.	0 0 0
		Wilson, J.	0 0 0
		Greenberg, J.	0 0 0
		Lewine, J.	0 0 0
		Fayne, J.	0 0 0

Totals—5 6 16 Totals—21 5 47

G. W. Frosh (40)	G.F.Pts	Roosevelt (31)	G.F.Pts
Kane, J.	2 3 7	Cavanaugh, J.	3 0 6
Ferber, J.	0 0 0	Plant, J.	0 0 0
Alfaro, J.	5 2 12	Sherman, J.	1 1 2
Sachs, J.	0 0 0	Schoer, J.	0 0 0
Troup, C.	6 1 12	Grimm, C.	4 0 8
Bathien, J.	3 0 6	Harris, J.	3 4 10
Griffith, J.	0 1 1	Curtin, J.	0 0 0
V. Bruges, J.	0 0 0	Hayman, J.	0 0 4

Totals—16 8 40 Totals—11 9 31

After College WHAT?



LAW?

Former Federal Judge Edwin L. Garvin says "A keen mind, sound judgment and unflagging industry are required to digest the volumes of laws and decisions facing the practitioner today. The young lawyer can no longer practice by ear and intuition. The science of the law is exacting and difficult."

ONLY "a keen mind" can absorb the volumes of information which must be at the finger tips of the young lawyer today. Perhaps that's why in this profession, as in our leading colleges, a pipe is the favorite smoke. You see, it helps a man concentrate . . . clears cobwebs from his brain.

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After

SOCIETY

Football Team Introduces Social Affair With Dance at Varsity House Friday; Junior Panhel Plans Post-Game Dance

"Christmas Formal" Brigade Marches on as Mid-term Holiday Nears

The introduction of a new social event in the calendar proved interesting to many who spent Friday evening at the Varsity House, at the first dance given by the squad. Christmas formal took their toll of students over the past week end and there seems to be no end of them still to come, not to mention many informal parties. In all, Christmas is being heralded in a gala fashion.

First Football Dance Given Friday Night

On Friday night the football team gave their first dance, at the Varsity House. Students attended in almost mass formation, and the dance was more than a success. Music was furnished by Jerry Free's band.

Christmas Formal Held by Fraternities and Sororities

The first of the round of Christmas formal was given on Saturday night, when the Delta and the S. P. E. celebrated the approaching holidays. Music for the former was furnished by Henry Ford and for the latter by the Virginians.

The Misses Ethel Beiswanger, Helen Bowls, and Gladys Magann, of the administrative staff of the University, entertained at tea last Sunday in honor of Lydia Wilson and Max Farrington, who will be married on December 27.

Sigma Chi departs from the usual type of Christmas formal to give a supper dance at Wardman on Tuesday, December 20.

Sigma Nu is planning to give their dance on Wednesday, December 21, at the house.

On Thursday night, December 22, Chi Omega, S. A. E., and Theta Delta Chi will give their annual Christmas dances. The scene of the former being the Willard and the latter two their respective houses.

Kappa Alpha will give their annual formal dance on Christmas Eve, when Jerry Free's band will furnish the music.

Junior Panhel Plans Post-Game Dance

Junior Panhellenic has scheduled a dollar dance on Wednesday, January 4, to follow the North Carolina State basketball game. The music will be furnished by the L'Allegro orchestra from 10 to 1 o'clock in Corcoran Hall. The various subjects in arrangements are headed by Mary Cox, Marion McCure, and Alva Geraci.

Kappa Kappa Gamma held open house Sunday afternoon, December 18.

Many students will welcome the announcement that the Old Dominion Boat Club will again hold their annual holiday dances at the Club House, on Monday, December 26; Thursday, December 29, and on Monday, January 2. Music will be by McWilliams' Boat Club Orchestra.

Jerry Free to Play For Election Dance

The Student Council is giving a dance following the returns from class elections in Corcoran 10 on December 23, from 10 to 1. Music will be furnished by Jerry Free.

The alumni of Kappa Delta gave a supper Thursday night for the pledges and actives.

President and Mrs. Marvin were entertained at dinner at the Acacia House Sunday, December 11.

Meta Ennis entertained the Phi Delta Epsilon at her home last week.

Phi Mu entertained at a tea on Wednesday afternoon.

Riding Club Goes Sleigh Riding Sunday

The Riding Club went on a sleigh ride through Rock Creek Park on Sunday, December 18. Among those who went were Jack Royce, Helen Hughes, Bill Helvestine, Katherine Welling, Allen Stewart, Virginia McDonnell, Elizabeth Sherier and Wade McCoy.

Colonial Campus Club was the guest of Mrs. Vinnie G. Barrows at a Christmas party Saturday, December 17, at 1919 G Street. Eleanor Youm entertained with Christmas selections on the flute.

Miss Winifred Hughes, of Syracuse, N. Y., National Secretary and National Inspector of Chi Omega, visited Phi Alpha chapter on Monday, December 12. Miss Hughes was entertained by the chapter at dinner Monday night.

Phi Delta Gamma Celebrates Founder's Day

Founder's Day of Phi Delta Gamma was celebrated by a joint banquet of Alpha chapter of American University and Beta Chapter of George Washington University on Wednesday, December 14, at 6:30 p. m., at Stoneleigh Courts. Dinner was followed by a program arranged by the social committee under the direction of Mrs. Geraldine McNitt.

Psi Chapter of the Phi Delta Epsilon Medical Fraternity held a formal dance at the Hay-Adams House on Saturday night, December 10.

Co-ed Debate Team Will Meet Pittsburgh

Swarthmore and Boston Also On Intercollegiate Schedule Beginning in February

The Swarthmore, Boston University and University of Pittsburgh debate teams are among those listed on the George Washington women's intercollegiate debate schedule this season, it was announced at a recent meeting held for all women interested.

Although the schedule is as yet incomplete, there will be seven or eight debates this year, on the subjects of the cancellation of inter-allied war debts and the payment of the bonus. Since the first debate will probably be held in February, against Swarthmore, Professor Harold F. Harding, of the public speaking department, in charge of the University teams, is anxious to get study and practice under way.

Tryouts for the team to meet Swarthmore will be held at the next meeting, on Monday, December 19, in Q-11 at 2:10 p. m. Twelve women have already signified their intention of going out for debate.

Candidates should come prepared to give a four minute speech on either side of the proposition: "Resolved, that the United States should agree to the cancellation of the inter-allied war debts." Books recommended for study on this occasion are, "Recovery" by Sir Arthur Salter; "War Debts and World Prosperity" by Moulton and Pasvolaky, and the reference-shelf book, "Cancellation of Inter-Allied War Debts," by Hodgson.

Chemical Fraternity Celebrates Founding

The three local chapters of Alpha Chi Sigma, national chemical fraternity, commemorated the thirtieth anniversary of their founding with a banquet on Saturday evening, December 10, at the Dodge Hotel. Members of the Washington professional chapter, the Alpha Pi chapter at George Washington University, and the Alpha Rho chapter at Mary and University, were present.

This banquet was only one of a number held throughout the United States to mark the occasion. At the University of Wisconsin a granite boulder and marker, bearing the names of the founders of the fraternity, was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies.

The principal speakers at the Washington celebration were: Dr. Harry Curtis, past fraternity historian; Dr. Malcolm Haring of the University of Maryland; and Dr. Klare S. Markley, an alumnus of George Washington University.

Alpha Chi Sigma announces the initiation on Saturday, December 3, of John W. Brandt, Carroll Creitz, Arthur Danner, Augustus Glaseow, and Robert O'Connor.

Pearson, Lewis to Receive Plaque for High Scholarship

Plaques will be presented to Ted Pearson and James H. Lewis, members of Phi Eta Sigma, honorary freshman scholarship fraternity, at the first meeting of Dean Wilbur's rhetoric class after the holidays. The award is given for the highest scholarship record in the freshman class of 1931-32.

At a recent election Phi Eta Sigma the following officers were chosen: Ted Pearson, president; Lewis Clark, vice president; and Sylvan Steiner, secretary-treasurer.

Phi Sigma Rho to Sponsor Third of Open Discussions

The third of the series of open discussions sponsored by Phi Sigma Rho will be held in Room 10 of Building M on Monday, January 9, at 8:15 p. m. The subject of the discussion will be "Is the Pragmatic Criterion of Truth Tenable?"

Professor Raymond Seegar Given Clock by Luther Club

The Luther Club, at a Christmas party held on Tuesday, December 13, presented an electric clock to Professor Raymond J. Seegar, in appreciation of his interest in the club.

CALENDAR

Tuesday, December 20
Women's Swimming Club, 9 p. m., K Street Y. W. C. A. pool.
Orchestra, 7:30 p. m., Ten O'Clock Club apartment, Seventeenth and H streets.

Wednesday, December 21
Riding Club, 2:30 p. m., Twenty-second and P streets.
W. A. A. Board, 1 p. m., Building R, second floor.
Menorah Society, 8:30 p. m., Corcoran Hall 17.

Saturday, December 24
Riding Club, 2 p. m., 819 Nineteenth street.

Wednesday, January 4
Drama Appreciation Club, 8 p. m., Lambie House.

Thursday, January 5
International Students' Society, 8 p. m., Corcoran Hall.
Delta, 7 p. m., Delta Zeta rooms.

LOST—Black and white Sheaffer pen with gold band, initials H. J. K., either in the library or Quigley's. Reward. Return to Hatchet office.

George Washington's Equestrians



A recent photograph of the Riding Club, which recently began an active campaign for new members. The group meets twice weekly for riding in Rock Creek Park.

Sparkling Music, Rhythmic Chorines Highlights of "Oh Say! Can't You See?"

Leads Delineated in Fine Fashion by Molyneux, Stevens, and Edmonds; Danzansky and Sickler Frolic Together for First Time

"OH SAY! CAN'T YOU SEE?" an original musical comedy written and directed by DANIEL C. BEATTIE, was produced by the GEORGE WASHINGTON TROUBADOURS last Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights. Reviewed by GORDON V. POTTER Wednesday night.

Sparkling music with a tang of the Main Stem, leads delineated by troupers in a most convincing fashion, vivacious, well-trained choruses, infectious comedians, dance specialties that captivate—such are the disjointed impressions of the latest Troubadour show, "Oh Say! Can't You See?" Aside from an obvious miscast, missing of cues by both players and stage hands, and an insufficient number of clever gags, Dan Beattie and the Troubadours should feel proud of their latest effort in musical comedy drama.

It was Dan's night last Wednesday. Although in the shadow of the orchestra, Dan Beattie, with baton in hand, coordinated the various parts of his creation and helping the players smooth out the rough spots, was easily the outstanding figure. Handicapped as it was by the too-weak orchestra, the worth of Beattie's musical genius made itself felt throughout the auditorium. Writing in a peculiar, auditorium style, Dan has produced popular music with a smack of the professional. The theme song of the show, "Oh Say! Can't You See?" is one of the gayest and most rhythmic tunes that the writer has ever heard. Not contented with producing one hit, Dan has in "This Is Goodbye" and "Oh My Darling, I Love You" two sentimental ballads that would cause any youthful heart to flutter at the sound of their lilting chords. He also makes a snappy contribution to jazz in the number, "Let Me Make My Hey Hey." His evident lack of attention to the book was overshadowed by the superlative musical contributions.

Typical Plot Presented.

The audience was presented with the usual type of musical comedy plot concerning a harassed chorus girl, Reba Adams, who has falsely informed her people back home that she has made the "white lights." Father and aunt forthwith plan to visit Reba. Bob Northrup, millionaire pal of Ted Cole, the producer of the show, falls in love with Reba at first sight, and proceeds to masquerade as Cole's chauffeur in order to further his suit. Bob helps Reba out of her dilemma by persuading her and the troupe to journey to Cole's palatial home on Long Island, which in reality belongs to Northrup. Previously, however, Bob had invited Cole down for a visit. Complications thus develop when Cole and Claudia Vane, the haughty lead of the Vanities, burst in upon the masquerading troupe, Aunt Susan, and Dad, all ensconced in the Long Island mansion. Bob emerges from his chauffeur's role, eventually, and his explanation solves all of Reba's problems, the grand finale predicting a happy future for all involved.

Ruth Molyneux appeared in all of her golden-haired glory as Reba Adams, the perplexed chorus who has told Pa and Aunt that she is rich, only to have her bluff called. With all the stage presence of a trouper, tried and true, Ruth is, all in one, beautiful, intelligent, delectable, and appealing. Leonard Stevens, as Robert Northrup, the millionaire pseudo-chauffeur in love with Reba, played a straight part with admirable restraint and poise.

Comics Score

During the first part of the first act, the comics were a wee bit disappointing. However, it wasn't long before Danzansky and Sickler hit their stride, and in the final act they capped their respective parts with two marvelous specialties.

Jerry Sickler's big moment, a dance specialty with Christine Spignul, was the most professional bit of the whole show. After watching Christine's vivacious rhythm coupled with Jerry's rotund lightness, the writer just felt—well, glowing!

For all-round vivacity, brightness, snap, and life, your reviewer nominates Little Audrey Edmonds, who played the role of Julie, the wise-cracking chorine.

Midge Montgomery, Bill Claudy, and Edith Brookhart offered good delineations as Aunt Susan, Reba's dad, and Aunt Northrup, respectively. Milton Goodman gives a gem-like characterization of Ted Cole, owner of the Vanities. Craig Morris recovered from his stage fright in the first act to score a smashing hit with "Oh My Darling, I Love You," in the finale of the second act. George Wells worked hard on his part as Dan Slade, a cub reporter enamored of young Julie, but was not well cast for his role, and neither his acting nor his singing was good.

Excellent harmonizing was produced by the Misses Gilligan, McCullough and Giffen, while Sock Kennedy, estimable maestro of the tarpsichore, and

Students Should Be Careful of Valuables

Within the past few months, valuables have been stolen from gym lockers, sororities, and University halls, it has been learned by The Hatchet. The Administration is doing all within its power to curb these activities, according to official information, but little can be done without student cooperation.

Undesirable as is the situation, it is inevitable, it was stated. Pilfering will take place anywhere. "Be careful where you put your valuables; be certain that they are kept in safe places, and if possible under lock."

Ping Pong Tourney Approaches Finale

As the first annual ping pong tournament draws to a close, Don Black, foremost among District paddle wielders, is in the finals. Frank Blackstone and Rafael Sherfey will play in the quarterfinals; the victor will meet Johnny Fenlon in the semifinals. In the final round the winner of the latter match will contest with Black for the championship.

In earlier eliminations, Randy Robinson, Laurence Sherfey and Kirk Norton, considered possible winners, went down before the onslaught of their more capable opponents.

Phi Theta Xi Pledges Ten At Dinner at Lafayette Hotel

Phi Theta Xi, professional engineering fraternity, pledged ten men at a formal dinner given at the Lafayette Hotel on Saturday, December 17. Roy L. Orendorf, charter member, was guest of honor and speaker of the evening. Pledged to Phi Theta Xi were: Thomas A. Bradford, Edward Bailey, Carl Hoffman, Harold Link, Robert Morgan, Fred Traband, and Floyd Travers.

Orchestra Will Hold Initiation Tonight at Ten O'Clock Club

Orchestra, women's honorary sorority of natural and interpretative dancing, is formally initiating five women this evening at 8 o'clock at the Ten O'Clock Club. The women are Amelia Preische, Lois Balcorn, Mary Lee Watkins, Lillian Spector, Ruth Critchfield, and Helen Spasoff, honorary.

Yap Wins Filipino Club Annual Oratorical Contest

Diosdado M. Yap, a graduate student in the School of Education in this University, was selected the best orator at the twelfth annual oratorical contest of the Filipino Club of Washington, held at the Y. M. C. A. on Sunday, December 11.

Mr. Yap, adjudged the winner over representatives of all the local universities, was presented with a gold medal and two silver cups.

The exotic Marjorie Mitchell performed an intricate tap dance. Of the "Little Ones," "Middle Ones" and "Tall Ones," the first group were the smiling ones, the second were the versatile ones, and the last were the graceful ones. Summed up in a few words, the three choruses were of the finest trained in eight years of Troubadour production.

Law School Alumni Of '93, '03 Classes Aid Reunion Plans

W. C. English and T. H. Anderson Lead "Round Up" of Graduates

Members of the Law Classes of 1893 and 1903 are planning reunions in the near future.

A movement to "round up" the members of the law class of 1903 has been started by one of its members, Walter Charles English, of Cleveland Heights, Ohio. T. Hart Anderson, 1893, a member of a New York law firm, is taking the lead in bringing his class together.

The Class of 1893 which is "forty years out" will hold its reunion in May. The class is a large one, 108 law degrees having been conferred in that year, and includes many men who have won distinction. Among its members are John Garland Pollard, governor of Virginia; William Huestis Keller, judge of the Superior Court of Pennsylvania; Sydney P. Jacobs, Assistant Commissioner of Public Debt; Colonel Howard Lee Landers, of the United States Army; Corcoran Thom, vice president of the American Security and Trust Company; and many outstanding members of the bar.

Women's Honor Fraternity Elects Brown, Scott, Dubin

Alpha Lambda Delta, national honorary freshman women's scholastic fraternity, elected Betty Brown, vice president; Letha Scott, treasurer, and Charlotte Dubin, courtesy secretary, at its meeting held Monday, December 13, in Lambie House.

The president and secretary will be elected after the initiation of women who become eligible in February. Members of this organization remain active throughout their sophomore year.

Next Issue of Hatchet Will Appear on January 10, 1933

The next issue of The Hatchet will be Tuesday, January 10. Copy for this number will be due as usual at noon on the preceding Friday, January 6, at which time there will be a meeting of all reporters in Corcoran 29.

HERB GORDON

is now featuring an elaborate floor show at the Madrilion twice each evening—starring Ted Holt, sensational radio crooner, and Jimmy Ray, world's premier modernistic dancer.

And remember, Herb plays for those popular Tea Dances every Sunday from 4:30 to 6:30 (only 75c).

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The University Hatchet

Monthly Literary Review

Vol. 29, No. 14

DECEMBER 20, 1932

Section 2

A Republican Merry-Go-Round



HE smashing disaster that overtook the Republican party on November 8 is the greatest boon that has ever happened to the much-besmirched institution.

At one fell sweep it was cleansed of the greatest aggregation of political morons, racketeers, iron-pawed Bourbons, sordid incompetents, and professional hypocrites ever assembled under a single political banner in the history of the country.

Today, the party stands purged and emancipated. More than that it has the greatest opportunity in its history to vitalize and rejuvenate itself.

In 1912, following the defeat of that year, the Republican party was no better off than before its rejection. Astride the wreckage and in full control of the party machinery sat the behemoth figure of Senator Boies Penrose, reactionary and hard-boiled.

But no such dismal situation exists today. The November 8 decimation was so thorough and so complete as to leave the party roosts empty and deloused. The fight for control and leadership of the Republican party today is a wide open struggle, and the party's history in the next four years will be the story of the moving of the Old Guard and the Progressives for supremacy.

The battle is already joined. Both sides are mobilizing their forces and formulating their plans. The reactionaries, as is characteristic of them, are saying nothing. The Progressives, in the person of Senator Hiram Johnson, have openly thrown down the gauntlet.

The conflict will be an epic one. Actually, it will be a three-cornered fight. At the two extremities will be the Old Guard and the irreconcilable Progressives, the Norrises, the La Follettes, the Blaines, the Nyes, and the Johnsons. In between, and seeking to satisfy both groups, will be a third faction generally characterized in political circles as the "Young Turks."

In the van of this element is Senator Charles McNary, Assistant Republican floor leader, and one of the most brilliant and facile political strategists in the history of any party. McNary is a "fellow traveller" type of Progressive. He stands far and votes for liberal principles and measures, but he believes in doing his fighting within the party fold.

McNary stands head and shoulders, both in capacity and intelligence, above not only his middle-of-the-road faction but all the Old Guard leaders and all but a few of the Progressives. If the Old Guard and Progressives have the intelligence to rally around his leadership the Republican party may well make political history in 1936.

Outside of McNary, the center element is pretty soggy. A few, like Senator James Couzens, are men of character and ability. But the rest are wavering time-servers, neither fish nor fowl, too timid to be either Old Guards or Progressives. The group's only strength is McNary—but that is very considerable.

The fight for reactionary leadership is a scramble. A varied pack are arrayed against one another. On the one hand there is Secretary of the Treasury Ogden L. Mills, thick-lipped and tough-skinned Tory, born to great wealth and high social position and a zealous devotee of the "seepage theory." This is the system by which a few own all the wealth and permit some of it

By ROBERT S. ALLEN

Co-Author of the "Washington Merry-Go-Round" and "More Merry-Go-Round."

now and then to seep down to the rest of the folks.

"Oggie" is the strong man of the waning Hoover regime. Had the President been able to put over his "grass in the streets" bugaboo and win re-election, "Oggie" would have immediately

THE EDITOR REMARKS—

We are very glad to be able to present to our readers so interesting a contribution by so famous an author—as well as grateful to him for having brought such unacademic and vital material into our pages, and justifiably proud in presenting it here.

Some of our less kind critics may blame us for having brought so much political material to them this year. First the Sino-Japanese controversy, then this, and in our next issue some comments from political leaders themselves. But we believe that of all years in the last decade, this is the most politically minded, and realize the timeliness of anything that pertains to political affairs. "But," say they, "this is a college magazine, not a journal of national opinion."

Consider, though: we are spending a great part of our lives and large sums of money, in acquiring educations and degrees to certify them. We believe that possession of an education will contribute to our security and happiness more than any other investment involving the same sacrifices would, that if—rather than spend it on tuition—we put our money in a safe-deposit box it would not be as safe as it is, transformed into competence, in our heads. In an age of panics and depressions, it is good to own securities of knowledge that can never be stolen and can never depreciate. But in considering this investment in ourselves, we should also realize that individual security and happiness are nothing in a world shaking with alarms or rigid with oppression. If we were to spend only an infinitesimal part of the time that we dedicate to improving ourselves to improving the state in which we live—political, economic and social, we would find this second investment a far more valuable one than the first. To make ourselves more competent is not enough: we should make the state more competent.

We of the Review strive towards making our University a centre within a centre in the political life of this nation. Universities in other capitals have not only been attached to the administration but have at times assumed positions of critical importance in the political destiny of the country. And if we, by bringing stinging satire or serious studies, well-reasoned arguments and intelligent counter-proposals to our readers—in a way directed especially to them, who of all college people in the United States should be most political, we believe that our University may reach a position of value to the community and the nation higher than we dreamed of before.

become his heir-apparent—that is if Mr. Hoover had not wanted a third term, which is not at all improbable, what with his divinely ordained complex.

The Hoover defeat was a set-back for "Oggie," but he has a knack for staging comebacks. Six years ago he was a badly defeated gubernatorial candidate. Four years later he was Secretary of the Treasury, having ousted no less a redoubtable figure than Andrew W. Mellon to get the place. "Oggie" would like to go to the Senate in Senator Royal S. Copeland's place in 1934. It would be a big help toward his presidential aspirations in 1936.

James W. Wadsworth, recently elected Representative and former United States Senator from New York, has exactly the same idea. Also the inheritor of great wealth and the possessor of a prominent social name, Wadsworth is no less able and a great deal more charming than Secretary Mills. And like Mills he is no less adept in staging comebacks.

Six years ago he espoused the wet cause and was defeated for re-election to the Senate for his courage. In 1932 he ran for the House and despite the Democratic landslide won by a handsome margin. His House status will give Wadsworth a powerful advantage in the New York senatorial scramble two years hence. If he should win his way back to the Senate he would be extremely eligible Old Guard presidential timber in 1936.

There are others in this group who see themselves in the light of standard bearers and will reach for the pennon. One of these is Senator David A. Reed, lean-visaged protégé and defender of the Mellon dynasty. Reed comes up for re-election in 1934 and his hopes in 1936 depend on what happens to him two years hence. That he will have a hard fight to retain his seat is certain. There are a lot of "underheads"—as he once characterized them—in Pennsylvania who are waiting for a chance to belabor him.

The Progressives, frankly, do not present a very inspiring sight. Worthy, honest, gallant men they are nevertheless disorganized and without a common program. Senator Norris, one of the noblest men ever to play a role in American public life, is aged and weary. He has fought many bitter battles and won many notable victories against great odds. But time and again he has seen success dissipated by reactionary intrigue and infiltration. He has come to the belief that the only way out to a happier and sounder state is a complete and radical recasting of the entire economic order.

Senator Johnson is the Progressives' greatest hope. He is today thoroughly aroused to the great opportunity that confronts the Republican party. He alone of all the Progressives returned to Washington after the election with his challenge publicly on his lips. A man of great courage, resourceful and colorful fighter, he will make a strong rallying point.

His first hurdle is his re-election contest in 1934. If he succeeds in returning to the Senate he will be heard from in a powerful measure in 1934.

That is, Johnson, Mills, Wadsworth, McNary and all the others will be heard from provided the economic deluge does not overwhelm the land before then and sweep all this political mincing into the junk heap—where it belongs.

Nero Retaliates

By RENE BONNERJEA

66 **C**ONTINUE your narration, Castulus, continue."

"...And then, as your son reached the Via Sacra, all of a sudden four slaves rushed forth from under an archway where they had been concealed; two of them seized his horse while the other unsaddled the rider; by throwing his sagum over his head they rendered him powerless ere he had the time to draw his sword. After he had been pulled to the ground he was bound tightly and carried to a litter that was waiting at a short distance. The slaves had worked so rapidly that your son had been captured and carried off before I fully realized the importance of the scene I was witnessing. I fear, O my master, he has been the victim of one of Nero's vile tricks by which our emperor puts terror into the hearts of those who incur his displeasure. I ignore what your offence was, O my lord, but it seems as if Nero hates you and wants to harm you and yours."

"Hold your tongue, you wretch! Why did you not run after the litter to find out what became of Petrus, my dear son? You should have defended him with your own worthless body, instead you watched it all, and now you have the impudence to announce the disaster to me. I shall have you killed."

"O my good master, I did everything in my power, but what chance has a poor slave as myself against armed men? Have pity, have pity on your poor servant!" Saying this, Castulus threw himself flat upon the floor and buried his face in his hands. His master, Lundus Sejus Marcus, took no heed of the slave's lamentations, but ordered him to be carried away, adding in a thundering voice, "Beat him until not a bone in his body remains unbroken."

After Castulus had been dragged out of the Pinacotheca in which Lundus happened to be, the latter remained pensive, nervously tearing up the corner of a manuscript with one of his slender hands while with the other he was toying with his purple striped toga. He was in a great state of agitation, frowning now and then or cursing between his teeth. His eyes wandered around the room aimlessly from the beautiful vase with Greek designs before him to the metal mirror hanging on the wall between cupboards filled with innumerable rolls of parchment, and from there back to the vase, at which he gazed absent-mindedly. Then he suddenly jumped up from the lectus upon which he had been reclining, walked rapidly towards the door muttering all the time: "I must see Nero, I must see him." On his way out of the library he violently knocked over an elegantly designed lamp made of gold that one of his friends had given him as a New Year's gift. It fell to the ground with a crash and the oil it contained spread over the mosaic floor like a pool of blood.

As he was ushered before Nero, the latter was at table finishing his dinner, surrounded by numerous slaves, each of whom had a specific duty; one was breaking the emperor's food into small pieces, a second slave was washing his hands, while a third one was fanning him. At the newcomer's entrance a cruel smile spread over his face and his small catlike eyes became even smaller as he greeted the visitor in a treacherous voice: "Welcome, dear Lundus, this is a strange time to visit people; if it were other than you, my beloved friend, he would pay dearly for his temerity."

"Pardon me, O Nero, had it not been for a question of vital importance I never would have come at this time."

The emperor made no reply, but played carelessly with a small dagger that lay beside him.

Lundus paled slightly, nevertheless he resumed his speech, "I am here, O mighty Caesar, to ask for your help in finding my son whom four men have carried away in a litter this afternoon. I know not where to look for him; please help me in my search."

"Lundus," retorted the emperor, "It was I who ordered your son to be captured. In all Rome there is no braver soldier than he; not only is he courageous, but he is the son of a senator, that is why I need him, for I have promised my people a wild animal display in which twenty noble youths are to fight against some marvelous young tigers that I have recently received from Africa. My dear friend, Petrus is among those I have selected for this spectacular event. Willingly would I release your son, Lundus, but it has already been announced that he is to be one of the combatants. I dare not displease my people; I fear their wrath; they no longer love me since those despised Christians put Rome to flames."

Lundus became deathly pale, and, falling upon his knees, he exclaimed, "O Nero, what have I

done to deserve such a terrible punishment? Have I not served you loyally since the death of Claudius? My life and my fortune have always been at your feet; many times have I remained by your side when everybody else had deserted you. Spare my son!"

A faint smile passed over Nero's fat face, and with an attempt to feign pity he replied, "Indeed do I remember the services you have rendered me. Rest assured no harm will be done to him. Tomorrow in the Amphitheatre I shall set your son free."

The senator left the palace in a state of great anxiety, for little did he trust the emperor's promise, yet he failed to grasp why he had promised at all. Nothing remained for him to do but wait patiently until the following afternoon when the display was to take place. As he passed through the narrow lanes leading to his house he thought of the wicked deeds he had committed for the tyrant whom he had served like a dog for the sake of gain. Every promotion from Nero had costed him a crime; and so he had risen to the rank of senator up a ladder besmeared with innocent blood. Never had he repented his acts, for every sestertius of his corruption had been lavished upon his son, the only ideal of his life.

His litter suddenly came to a standstill with a jerk. Lundus got out, helped by his servants and entered the house. He took no notice of the parrot as it shouted "Salve" at the arrival of its master, but hurried through the ostium to the atrium where his bedroom was located. On his way he passed before the wax masks of his ancestors near which were hanging the weapons of foes he had defeated in his younger days. Even when he reached the altar of the household gods he did not slow his pace, but continued his way until he reached his bedroom, which was the last of four that were on the left side of the atrium. The other three had been those of his wife and his two girls who had been victims of the Great Fire.

The next afternoon when he entered the Amphitheatre it was already packed with crowds of citizens who were waiting impatiently for the spectacle to begin. In front, near the Arena, were the lodges of prominent people of the court. In one of them was seated an elderly man whose white robe was bordered with purple. He was surrounded by lictors carrying the fasces. Near to his lodge was that of the Vestal Virgins. As the senator looked in their direction a shudder passed along his body for he could not help thinking that soon, perhaps, the fate of his son might be in their hands. Above the private lodges were hundreds of rows of seated citizens dressed in white. The garments of the women were more elaborate than those of their husbands', and as the senator looked upwards he could see the flashing of blue, scarlet, violet and yellow from everywhere. Many of the richer women were overloaded with costly pearls, emeralds or precious stones. On their fingers they wore rings in profusion, and their hair was dyed, as it was the fashion of the day. Some of them were dressed like the typical Roman matron with the stola, a long robe with short sleeves with a girdle around the waist and a hem at the bottom, having over this a palla in which they draped themselves in a similar way as their husbands were clothed in their togas.

All of a sudden the senator heard a general uproar and as he turned around he was just in time to see Nero enter the imperial lodge. After the emperor had been seated for a few minutes he motioned Lundus to his side.

"Salve, Lundus, how are you feeling today, my friend?"

"Almighty Nero, the fate of my son depends upon your decision."

"I know, I know, fear not I will keep my promise, but on one condition!"

"What is that," asked the senator tremblingly. The other man paused for a moment and then continued in a harsh tone, "I shall set your son free if you are willing to enter the Arena and combat blindfolded and unarmed against a gladiator; not otherwise."

Lundus turned ghastly pale and stood in silence before the emperor. A fight was going on in him between the little pride that remained to him and his love for his son. The latter emotion was soon victorious, for after a few moments hesitation the senator bowed his head in sign of consent. A flickering smile of glee passed over Nero's face as he gave orders to a servant in low tones. When the man had departed on his errand, he made a herald proclaim to the crowd that a senator was to enter the Arena.

The news spread like wild fire from mouth to mouth: "Lundus Sejus Marcus, the senator, is to fight a gladiator," and the mob shouted and waved their hands to express their excitement. This noise was soon followed by a dead silence broken from time to time by the roaring of the hungry lions. All eyes were directed toward Lundus as he walked to the middle of the Arena like a Christian martyr with his hands behind his back. A strange operation followed this: Two of the nets commonly used by the gladiators were bound firmly together; one of these was thrown over the blindfolded senator and the other was permitted to drag on the ground beside him. A loud murmur of surprise arose from the crowd, but when a youth with head and chest covered with a dark cloth was brought forth and fixed to the other net the mob suddenly understood the meaning of this preparation and the air was filled with loud cheering. The emperor gave a sign and the fight began. The struggle that followed was heart-breaking, for both men were unarmed, being obliged to fight with their arms, feet, hands and fingernails, which they dug into each other savagely. The crowd was at the utmost height of exultation. Never before had they seen such a strange and arduous struggle. Both men were moving slowly around one another waiting for an opportunity to jump. After several attempts to catch hold of each other they finally succeeded in coming body to body. The bloodthirsty mob roared at the top of their voices: "Hoc habet, hoc habet!" The youth suddenly slipped in his own blood and fell upon one knee, at the same time the senator threw himself on top of the young man's body, and with the point of two of his fingernails he blinded him, then he choked him to death, shouting triumphantly. Nero looked on with an amused smile. The victor rose from the sand, took off his bandage and sighed with relief. Before leaving the Arena he looked down at his victim and as he did so a cry of horror rose to his lips; he fell beside the youth, tearing violently at the cloth with which his face was covered. It soon gave way under his trembling fingers, and as it did he recognized the eyeless and bloodstained face of his son. He cried with all the strength of his lungs, "My son, O my son," and fainted.

From the crowd arose a murmur of sympathy as the people realized the poignant drama they were witnessing. "It is Petrus Sejus Severus, his son," many said in a sad tone; "Nero has made him kill his own son." And a silence followed the excitement of before. All looked at the senator who was still in the same position. At last he came to himself again, looked around him and his eyes stopped on Petrus' corpse. He fell down beside him, kissed his lips, his cheeks, the sockets of his eyes. When he had given vent to his grief he rose slowly and walked straight to the imperial lodge, before which he stopped. The silence of the spectators became more intense when they saw that he was about to speak. Looking up to Nero, Lundus began in a voice full of sorrow and of hate, "Nero, I hate you, you dog; because of you I have killed my own son. What is life to you? Nothing. You have destroyed men and women by poison by murder, by the sword, by the lions, and when Nature had no longer provided you with enough means of dying to satisfy your lust for blood you have invented more. Brute, through the lives of the innocent you came to the throne, through them you reign; may it be the will of the gods that they be the cause of your downfall. Son of a murderer, tell us what you did with Britannicus? What happened to Octavia, to your mother whose shame it was to have borne you? You have dishonored the name you bear by your innumerable crimes; your reign has been useless; the ass Cagula crowned would have been a better and wiser emperor than you. You made torches of men to lighten the success of your life. Tell us who burned Rome?"

The emperor's face suddenly puffed up with anger, and, turning to a guard he shouted, "Throw that wretch to the lions." Three men came forth and seized the father while a fourth fastened the body of the son to an iron hook and dragged it out of the Arena. As it was pulled along a trail of blood was left behind on the yellow sand. Nero fell back in his chair exhausted and ordered the gladiators to begin their fighting. As they passed before him saying the customary "Ave Caesar, morituri te salutant," he leaned his weary head upon the shoulder of his pale wife, Sabina Popaea, whispering to her, "Life is boring, my dear—do you know why I revenged myself upon Lundus Sejus Marcus? Because he lost my beautiful ring; you know the one I was so fond of. I miss it so much! Slaves, bring me wine, more wine, you fools, the odor of blood makes me thirsty. O, life is dreary." Saying this he fell asleep and began to snore.



Selections From "Spring Dissected"

Introduction

By COURTLAND DARKE BAKER

I HAVE been asked to discuss the poetry of Mr. James Whiting Saunders, appearing in this issue of the Review. In my experience with undergraduate writing, his work impresses me as being by far the most interesting and promising I know. Its alleged obscurity and difficulty are responsible for the request.

Most undergraduate poetry suffers from a fault just the reverse of this, a too great simplicity of thought and leans too heavily on poets of immediate or distant past is to be expected of any young writer. But to this borrowing the young author must add something of his own, or the result is wholly unoriginal. Mr. Saunders owes some debts of this kind. He differs from most undergraduate poets in two respects: he chooses as his masters difficult poets, and he very often succeeds in writing poetry distinctly his own.

There has been a marked revival recently in the poetry of the English Metaphysical School of the seventeenth century. John Donne has become something of a literary fashion. Among other things, the poetry of this group is distinguished by its preference for intellectual abstraction, the use of dialectic, its rejection of emotionalism and romanticism, tendency to analyze and dissect, its avoidance of conventional imagery and figurative associations. It is a clue of some value to note that the poems printed in this issue are taken from a collection which Mr. Saunders calls *Spring Dissected*. Now spring commented on is a commonplace of youthful poetry; its dissection is another matter altogether. In "After Tomorrow" he speaks of "the mask, the citadel of the mind." Herein lies, one feels, his real interest in poetic subject. He prefers this to the languorous twilights, the moons, sweet birds and love which are the age-old subjects of undergraduate verse. The tradition Mr. Saunders follows believes these things are likely to become mawkish and sentimental and platitudinous.

To this "sensual apprehension" of thought, to use Mr. Eliot's phrase, there is another tendency evident in contemporary verse. It might loosely be described as "the poetry of nerves." It can be seen in such nineteenth century poets as Baudelaire, Verlaine, Rimbaud, Laforgue. Mr. Eliot, for example, acknowledges his direct indebtedness to the last-named; so does Mr. Aldous Huxley. In an age as interested as ours in psychoanalysis, it was inevitable that poetry dealing with rather complex mental and emotional subjects should appear. Such poems of T. S. Eliot's as "The Waste Land," "Ash Wednesday," "Sweeney Among the Nightingales" brilliantly illustrate this. It might be added that there is a tendency towards examining the morbid, unusual, and macabre. Mr. Saunders's "Fate and a Dying Brain Have Met" should be read in light of this aspect of twentieth-century poetry.

A word concerning his phrasing and figures of speech and thought. The references to mathematics in this verse are frequent. The symbols of geometry appear to attract him. In "Fate and a Dying Brain" he plays with the idea of a point in space. He often uses images suggested by machines, even from surgery, in "jerk the needle from the mind." The references to coldness and darkness, "the javelins of air," the feel of winter recur again and again in these poems. Nature is described in its fiercest moods rather than its idyllic. "Nor can the fragrance of the flower assuage an agony." A mood of bitterness runs through the poetry; in "Spring Dissected," it is ironic. How much or how little of this is youthful Byronism, no one can say but Mr. Saunders. It suffices to recognize its existence, and to realize that this note of morbid exasperation is not infrequent in contemporary literature. Older and wiser persons than he have tried to resolve

By JAMES WHITING SAUNDERS

Spring Dissected

Explosion caught in the earth's hot coil,
bubbling, bubbling and spouting green;
cataracts of earth and torrents from soil
vaunt in the sky their moist sheen:

Signboard says without reluctance
buy this-that-this-that-this-that;
beautiful lady caught in ring
sucks nicotine, wears ruby hat;
with naked arms marks in the air
circles of flesh, soft, debonair;
below is god's own utterance:
USE PUMPTON'S OIL TO HOLD YOUR
HAIR:

Parks are empty, exodus,
men gone forth to search the sky:
Ulysses and Prometheus go,
heroic step and pulsing eye,
and tread the earth, brain-rocking-wir,
buy Pumpton's Oil to hold their hair. . .

I've got the Pumpton Oil Blues. . .

Where softly throats the mating bird
in ecstasy, enthralled and born;
where sucking bees come murmuring
on mornings varnished with the dew;
where rivulets and streams glide on;
where poplars facing on the sun
are sentinels unto the morn
and willows drooping by the way
have felt the earth at break of day;
where beauty dwells and lavishes
sweet fulness on the rolling soil,
and banishes all monsters, gives
sweet ecstasy unto this coil;
where dreary deadness can't despoil
all loveliness, I long to go. . .

Thus spring dissected leaves behind
two things crouching on the mind:
the land of Faerie, lovely, fair
and Pumpton's Oil to hold the hair.

Postscript

I hate the smug one in his youth
who thinks of red and winks at truth

and goes adventuring along
assured (and beautiful) and wrong:

Jealousy's the tang of gas,
a monster in corroding brass,

and envy is a furtive gnome
secluded in a catacomb.



the puzzles of modern life, which involves both—

The land of faerie, lovely, fair,
And Pumpton's Oil to hold the hair.

This poetry of Mr. Saunders is not lyric poetry, and should not be judged by its standards. A careful reading of it will do away with most of its difficulties and obscurities. It is the most interesting undergraduate poetry I know. Of its ultimate value, I cannot speak here: it is too early to do that.

Sansevieria

I

Sansevieria sends its stalks
into adjacent air, around,
as though it walked without a sound,
even as a godling walks.
It's like a greenish, mottled snake
all straightened out that frightens folk;
or margined, stiffened strands of smoke
that rising touch the clouds awake.
It is a thing that joys the eye,
and touches to the heart a sigh,
as if strong men were walking by;

(it gives a grounding for a fly).

It gives a statement of desire,
an aspiration up above;
it is a better thing than love;
it has a greenish golden fire.

II

Thus and so thought Alberich
who dwelt upon the better life,
who told it over to his wife;
then 'sambition made him sick.
He worked and worked and never played;
his fingers touched the box's lid;
and then he saw the stars and hid;
the stalks had cut him like a blade.

III

An ant was working on a heap:
became the leader of its race.
But it had never looked at space:
it lived in dreams and died asleep.

IV

Here lies Alberich the Great
who built an empire from his mind,
who reached the lip, there to find
the stars; then yielded to his fate.

V

What a noble bird that walks:
what a lesson to mankind;

(sansevieria, out of the mind:
a lowly plant with ugly stalks.)

After Tomorrow

After tomorrow I shall wait,
knowing today does not exist,
knowing tomorrow is sedate,
hoping today will not persist.

After tomorrow's long, gray dawn
shall give its place to throbbing noon,
and noon shall waver and be gone,
and evening, breathless, come too soon,

then shall I go on silver feet
and break the web of my today;
then fearing shall be made discrete
and all its bondage fall away.

On silver feet I shall go forth,
leaving this little room behind,
and burst the crystal of the north,
and jerk the needle from the mind.

Yet hope is thin, but wafer-thick,
and in the sorrow of this fear,
acidulous arithmetic
mocks revolution in the sphere.

It is not death that I have feared,
(not death alone: all gardens find
an end); it is the coward's beard,
the mask, the citadel of mind.

Fate and a Dying Brain have Met

'O, night of death, night of life, out of the livid womb of time, whence do you come, and what's the strange addition of your terms? Is it that all your figures add to naught, or have they strange arithmetic that brings their sum to something other where, or else is there subtraction in their mystery? ... O night of death whence comes this fearful-ness
you bring, this terror, this fright?'

And yet, perhaps there's nothing here for fear, nothing here to rip the mind from its hinge and cast it down for madness to devour. Lead off the hounds of fear, the vultures of despair, and turn from burning acid, else here's chain and rock to hold you naked in the wind, against the blazing sun, to stretch the muscle of your mind to snapping point, against the burning wind, against the seering stars, against the rock and earth, and bind you down, dissolve you in the soil before your time. Time enough for death when death has come. 'I walk in a glen, and it is pale and damp, and then it is livid and dry; and this is the eve of death, and this is the night of life from which all things have risen forth and into which all things will irretrievably go. O twilight of man, O death of humankind, when our germs have dried and mere cold bleakness remains, what then?

Then will the sun run cold, cold as the moon; then will the earth crack up, and bare rotting skeletons remain, cold as the moon, cold as outer space, cold as flesh that has been dead for many days. This is where my glen leads, ever on to the cold chill of the night, on, on, to be lost irretrievably in the icy chill of the night. This is the twilight, this is the end.'

'Convolutions turned to metal here and broken on the ground, thoughts that turned to ice, have shivered sleet upon the earth, and left it brittle as a ball of glass-swung in infinity ... Come near and watch this rod that points below:

Look there beneath, while we shall stand on air, and watch the earth revolve, a marble lost in dust, a thing-almost without dimension; it's but a point somewhere in space. And look at space, you creature who have thought your grief

was paramount, look at space unrolled before your eyes, and fathom where it ends. You see that planet there, and think it far, but by comparison its measurement could not be got on earth. Decimal, you say? Not even decimal is there. Look on and see the sun, and farther on the stars; these are but burning dots somewhere in space, but some have died and run their course along an icy channel in the sky. And on beyond are stars you cannot see, and worlds that cut out orbits all unknown, and then more space and stars, more space and stars, to such a stretch that not all endless time would give us momentary breath to tell them in. And still there's space ... But let us now

draw near to earth and watch it whirl around your sun, and drawing nearer yet, let's see its waters and its ground, vast things to you, but merely lines and circles on a point. Look quick below, there flies a continent; no-sooner has it passed than here's another quickly racing on its way; and here's a sea. And there are figures there, queer things that walk,

called men: they've thought this space was made for them, they've set themselves above all other things: It's but the center of a point, a dot within a dot; and yet, I say, the dot should rule the dot, the point should rule the point

else why is man? It's true that if some sudden storm should wipe away the race, and spread their skeletons before the sun to eat, no inking of their dropping off would touch this senseless void, this bottomless abyss, no vibration of their fear would reach into this nothing's nothing, no anguished cry would reach the nearest star, would reach the nearest

sun, nor would the moon know of their passing, neither would the air; and yet, I say, for man there's man. What else in all this space

means more to him? Then let the dot hold to the dot, and let the point embrace the point. All science is but nothing to machines: The rest is clockwork ticking out, but man: why for man there's man, and there's an end

of it. I tell you this from out the past, and happiness is found in but this way.

And then there's death; if life is horror, then in death's no tragedy; if not, then but accept the fate of all things else, which soon grow cold and run their course. Oh, I say, for man there's man; and there's an end of it.

... And yet you cover there? Then come up here,

mount up in space and watch the stars again. There comes a distant sun, hot-whirling in outer space, whirling in the cold of outer space, nether space for you, for here your fate is rushing on hot wings and seering black the vacuum as it comes, touching to the nothingness a spark.

Here's an end. Look now once more at earth, then, done! ... Go circling down through space and strike

that sun, go hurtling by the stars and feel their fire, then shrivel up your brain against the flaming bosom of that distant star. There shall your mind be shattered, there shall your death

be bought, there'll be an end of you, and all your thought ... Ah, crushed and shattered on that flaming

point, turned to nothing there ... Here have fate and a dying brain met and passed. Then there's an end of it, except this tiny ball, he called the earth. And what of that? Shall I let it go with him and end in death, and let the germs be burnt and not dried up, let them have their twilight and their end? There's mercy here, if I have understood ... Too cruel at the start, but not too late to touch them out of misery. (And yet I fear he was but one among them all; that there are some ...) ... All ended in a trice? There, struck, and what a blaze of fire? What horror there would be, but none would touch

out here; I should but see the slightest spark as they struck. And then for readjustment? Perhaps I'd be too hasty at the wreck: for there is time and hope that they will find a place for man ... wilful toys they are. Oh, I shall give them more aeons to roll, beat out their brains to ineffectual space, rip up the stars, tear down the firmament, before I dash them down to peace, against some point that I'll invent in this abyss, some tiny speck in all this useless void.

Prelude to a Tragedy

There is no pity in the earth, but the cold indifference of stone and fire; no pity, but an icy wind, ripping rocks away, javelins of air cast down by mountain monsters ... Yet, here's no sorrow, but a dim despair, a lantern closed against the light; if there is light ... And yet, here's no despair; long past despair, long past the iron gate arranged by crows, long past the deadly night; that forest cavernous and dark, that tragic way forgotten, that tragic crying in the night put far away, that wailing of the lonely wood assailed by some lone, grim monotony of trees, uproaring, torn, to search the air for food. And yet, when this is past, and that dim forest fades away, what then? After the wings of the crow are plucked,

and the eagle's talons blunted off, what follows then, but a following, a change, an evolution, a rolling out? What follows on the Titan-treading fear, but pity closing in, as if the cobra, writhing out to strike, had struck and made recoil? There is no pity in the earth, no softness in the soil, no kindness in a rock; nor can the fragrance of a flower assuage an agony; no, nor the brilliance of Orion feel, nor pity give; nor god ... God ... what do we know of God, or God of us: some working thing behind the cloud, far-off and here and everywhere, some slip, some twist of nature straightening out, and we must be the means, the grim machine, the line of flesh, the dot of bone. There is no pity in a god, yet we have pity; no, nor is there meaning in man and rock, in flesh and the vastness of the air ... No pity in the mother, but a spewing forth and drawing in, no pity in the lone green earth; no, no pity in her, lying prone, stretched tautly down, with furrows in her breast, and a savage beating in her veins. For thus, the land, lying fertile, thrusts up creatures from its seething loins, and gives them mind to know, and that soft string of flesh to feel the majesty and terror of the dark, and hear the shoulders of the dawn rise up and shove below the grim abyss of night; but has no pity in her swelling bosom.

Shadow Things

Why have I not gone forth against the cold or slaughtered trees upon that fold against the hill?

They seem but shadow things, upcaught by some stray cloud and hung, sharp silhouettes against the sky. And their alluring breath, their subtle green is but a shroud if what I've seen of them is true.

Some one sitting by the window, wears away the dust:

'It rains but it will stop, I trust.' Rain and rue. . .

Why have I not gone forth against the rain, but sat at home, wrapped up, enshrouded here, with my eyes, inverted cups, against the pane? Why have I not gone forth against the rain?

It was not fear.

Someday the rain will stop, and then the grasses will shake free the crystal dew.

and if it stops, and if the grasses do, then why shall I not go forth? into the south, into the north, why not?

If all things that I hold most dear are only shrouded by this fear;

if only rain has stopped the way and with its cover marked dismay,

then why should I be coward here, if grasses here can persevere? It is for fear.

Youth Achieving

By VASILIOS LAMBROS

I overheard a student say to another student that he was too young to do any original work and that he was going to enjoy himself while he had the opportunity. He probably didn't know that the best time to do original work is when you are young and have an overabundant supply of both energy and ideas. As you grow older there is a gradual loss of energy. And the result is that you become conservative in your outlook toward new developments in various fields of knowledge. Some of the most notable works were accomplished by the youths who had to contrive the tools by which they worked.

Michael Angelo at the age of seventeen was a member of the court of Lorenzo de Medici; Mozart had enraptured the German court; Chateaubriand had received his commission; Alexander Hamilton commanded the attention of his countrymen; and Galileo was close to the secret of the vibrations of the swinging lamp in the Pisa Cathedral.

At eighteen, Charles Spurgeon was a well known preacher; Joan of Arc was leading French armies; and Bryant had immortalized himself by writing the poem "Thanatopsis."

At nineteen, Bach was an organist at Arnstadt; George Washington was a trusted public surveyor; and the steam engine was taking form in the brain of Stephenson.

At twenty, Wallace had thrown himself against the arbitrary authority of Edward I; and Washington Irving was a successful writer.

At twenty-one, Beethoven had inscribed his name among the notables of the music world; Wilberforce was a member of parliament, and Mazzini had written a great political essay which still has its effects felt to the present time.

At twenty-two, Alfred the Great had begun his public career; Rossini was without a peer in the realm of music; and Schiller had written "Die Rauber."

At twenty-three, Browning had written "Paracelsus"; Caesar had won the "civic crown" for distinction on field of battle; and Whitefield was preaching in the town chapel at London.

At twenty-four, Dante was distinguished as a soldier and poet; Newton was working on the Law of Gravitation; and Ruskin had written his "Modern Painters."

At twenty-five, John Keats had written his poetry and was nearing death; Coleridge had written "The Ancient Mariner"; and Southey was writing volumes of poetry.

Most of the men mentioned above did not have the tools to work with, but had to contrive not only the tools with which to work but also the atmosphere in which to work. And yet we who have superior tools with which to work—what are we doing.

"How dull it is to pause, to make an end, To rust unburnished, not to shine in use, As tho' to breathe were life."

I Think It Was The Moon



COULDN'T go to sleep for thinkin' about the moon. Every time I closed my eyes I could see it up there in the sky. I felt lonesome. I wanted to talk to Mom so I asked her why the lamp made a ring-on the ceiling, you know the kind of a ring a coal oil lamp makes on the ceiling, and she said, "I don't know. Go to sleep."

I shut my eyes, but all the time I was thinkin' about how the moon was shinin'. Out of the window I could see how light it was outdoors, but I kept squinchin' my eyes shut and tryin' to go to sleep.

Pretty soon I heard Pop laughin' and talkin' to somebody down the road. I don't know who it was, but pretty soon he came in. He made a lot of fuss in the hall, and when he came in he said, "Hullo" to Mom, but she didn't say anything. She just kept sewin'. Pop said "Hullo" again, and Mom didn't say anything.

I pretended to be asleep, because I didn't want Pop to know I heard. He came over to the bed where I was, and I could tell he was lookin' at me. He sat down on the edge of the bed and shook me by the shoulder and said, "Tommy!" I was still pretendin' like I was asleep so he'd think it was hard to wake me up.

Mom said, "Thomas, don't wake that child up this time of night."

I turned over and acted like I was just wakin' up, and sort of blinked my eyes at Pop.

"Hello, there," he said. He held his coat out from his side and said, "Guess what I've got in my pocket."

I put my hand in, and gee, it was the cutest little puppy you ever saw. He was little and awful fat. He was black, too, and when I put him on the bed he fell right over. I couldn't help laughing when he tried to walk. His legs were so short and his body so fat, he couldn't stand up. I laughed and laughed, real easy, so's not to wake the baby, and Pop laughed, too. Mom laughed a little bit, but pretty soon she took the puppy and put him in a box out on the back porch. I wanted to have him sleep with me, but she said, "What a foolish idea."

Then she and Pop took the lamp and went in their room, which was right next to where we were sleepin', me and the baby. I still couldn't go to sleep after they were gone on account of the moon which was still shinin' into my room, just as bright. I could hear the puppy sort of cryin' on the back porch like he was lonesome, too, and I could hear Pop and Mom talkin' in the next room. I couldn't hear what they were sayin' because they talked kind of low, but pretty soon I hear Mom say, "We can't go on like this. I won't see my children go hungry."

Then she must've remembered about me in the next room, because she began to talk low again, and I couldn't hear.

Pretty soon Pop went out into the hall. He slammed the door and when he did he said, "My God!" And then he went out-doors. I couldn't help thinkin' about that, and besides the moon was so bright I could see the baby when she moved in her crib, and I could still hear the puppy on the back porch. Finally I got up and went on the porch to get him. He sort of cuddled down in my arms when I picked him up and stopped cryin'. I reckon he was just lonesome. I was goin' to take him back and let him sleep with me, anyway, but I stopped to look at the bright light the moon was makin', just like daylight. I always do feel funny when the moon is like that—sort of like I know a grand secret, but I never can think what the secret is.

I could see Pop sittin' on the big rock down by the river, which was just a little ways from our house. It was so close that sometimes when it rained too much it came up in our back yard and washed away the tomato plants that Mom had planted. Mom said it wasn't really a river, but just a creek. I always like to call it a river.

I reckon it was seein' Pop out there on that rock that made me know how he felt about the moon, too. I wanted to go down there with him, but I was afraid Mom wouldn't like it if I did, so I took the puppy and went back to bed.

The next morning Pop was laughin' in the kitchen, and I sort of forgot about the night before, except that whenever the moon would shine so bright, and I couldn't sleep at nights I'd get to thinkin' about Pop sittin' down there by the river, and wonder about it, but gosh I'd think about a lot of other things, too, when I couldn't sleep. Like when Mom made me wear socks made out of Pop's old socks. You know, she just took and cut 'em down and sewed 'em up again. They looked all right from the front, but you could tell from the back that they were cut down out of your father's. The other kids at school didn't have any seams in the backs of their socks, and Johnny Smithers used to say "Tommy's socks are made out of his father's." He didn't say it just once, he said it lots of times in front of the other kids. When he said it too many times I

By DOROTHY PORTERFIELD

used to say "Johnny's father has warts on his nose."

And he did, too. Mr. Smithers had the biggest warts on his nose you ever saw—two of 'em. Then I'd roll up my sleeves and ask Johnny if he wanted to fight. He never did after I licked him once. But, pshaw, I'm big now and don't wear socks any more, and I wouldn't care now if they were made out of my father's, but I was little then, and it kind of got me when Johnny kept tellin' everybody my socks were made out of Pop's.

Gee, it was funny the time I licked Johnny Smithers. Nellie Bukacek kept runnin' up to us and kickin' Johnny and tryin' to help us. That made me mad, havin' a girl help me lick him, and I gave her a shove, not very hard, just hard enough to make her sit down. I guess maybe she felt she ought to help me because we lived next to each other. She was a Bohunk. Mom says I should say "Bohemian," but the kids always said "Bohunk." I don't know why.

Nellie used to walk up the road with us after school, and all the kids used to run away from her. I used to run with 'em, too, but I never yelled "Bohunk!" at her, because that made her cry. But gee, she did look funny when she cried. She wasn't pretty like her mother, and that's what I'm tryin' to tell you,—about Mrs. Bukacek, and the moon shinin' so bright like that.

Nellie was awful thin, and her hair was braided in two braids so tight it looked like she couldn't hardly close her eyes. But Nellie's mother was awful pretty—she had sort of yellow hair, and she was little for a grown-up woman. Her hair was pretty and her eyes were blue—you know the kind of blue a blue-bonnet is right after it rains, before the sun fades it out. And her skin, say, it was her skin that made you look. Mom has almost yellow hair too, but her skin is real white. Mrs. Bukacek's skin was brown. When you first looked at her you expected she'd have brown eyes.

She used to wash her hair on Sunday and sit in her back yard and dry it in the sun. The kids at school used to say she took sun baths without any clothes on, too, but I don't know. I never saw her.

Nellie's father, Mr. Bukacek, was old. He had a mustache that sort of drooped down on each side of his mouth, and I used to wonder how he could drink without swallowing it. He used to be the janitor at the school and every night he used to bring home a big bag across his shoulder. When the kids would throw part of their lunches away, like sandwiches and apples, he would pick them out of the trash and put them in this big bag. Nellie said he fed them to their hog, but the kids at school said the Bukaceks ate them for supper. I don't know.

One afternoon I was comin' home from Johnny Smithers' house, because Mom had said I should come home early, and I came along the back road which runs by the side of the Bukacek's house. You could either go around by that road and turn onto the road in front of the Bukacek's to get to our place, or you could cut across in back of their house and go by the river to our house. I crossed the little bridge and then I went along the river. I could see Nellie sittin' on their back steps with her chin in her hand and her elbow restin' on her knees. She was lookin' at me and somehow I just went up there to where she was sittin' on the steps. I didn't know what to say, so I said, "Had your supper?"

"No," she said. "My Mom ain't here now."

"I said, 'You come over to my house for supper. We always have rice.'"

Nellie began to smile and said, "All right," and walked along with me.

When we got home Mom was cookin' supper. The stove wasn't actin' right and Mom was gettin' sort of fidgety, like she does when things go wrong. There wasn't any wood in the wood box either, and I didn't know where she got the wood to start the fire. Sure enough, it was just like I told Nellie, we were goin' to have rice for supper.

Mom didn't say anything much when I told her Nellie was goin' to eat supper with us, but Nellie didn't notice, anyway, because she started playin' with the baby. Mom had put the baby down on a pallet on the floor and Nellie was crazy about our baby. Mom always said she didn't like to have Nellie huggin' and kissin' the baby, but that night she didn't say anything. She just let Nellie alone.

Pretty soon Pop came in and said, "Gee, I'm hungry."

Mom just looked at him, like she always did when things didn't go right, or she didn't like what he was doin'.

Then she said, "Thomas, I don't want you to say one word."

She walked sort of stiff-legged over to her trunk, the trunk where she kept everything, and

she began to get out her books and stack them on the floor. Some of the books I knew Pop had given to her and some she had before she married Pop. She picked 'em up and put 'em on the table. Then she opened the stove. She picked up the books one at a time, and tore 'em in two and put 'em in the stove. The blood vessels stood out on her hands like they do on her forehead sometimes when she leans over to comb her hair. Her wrists looked sort of knotty, and her mouth was kind of stiff. Nellie didn't pay any attention, but I felt funny. I always thought Mom liked those books.

Pop said "Mary!" and moved his hand like he was goin' to take hold of her, and then he just put his hands in his pockets, and walked out on the back porch. He just stood lookin' down toward the river. Then he walked down the back steps. He didn't wait for his supper or anything. He just walked down toward the river, with his hands in his pockets.

After supper Mom let Nellie play with the baby while she washed the dishes, and then she said, "I guess you'd better be going home, Nellie, or your folks will be worried about you."

Then she told me to walk home with Nellie, so she wouldn't be afraid, but to come right back. I said I would, and honest, I really did mean to. I walked along with Nellie. It wasn't very far. The moon was bright by that time, and I knew I wasn't goin' to go to sleep. You know, how you just sort of know things sometimes? I stopped by the Bukacek's back steps after Nellie went in the house. I looked up the road and it looked almost white in the moonlight. I could see the little curve where the road went around the big rock that was painted white, and I could see where it went over the hill.

I don't know what made me do it, because I knew Mom was expecting me to come right back in just a minute, but the first thing I knew I was walkin' up that road. Gee, it was pretty. It made me feel big, and like I didn't ever have to go back. The moon was shinin' so bright the trees made shadows just like they do in the sun. I can't tell you how it made me feel, exactly. I had a pain in my stomach, like when you swing way high in a swing before breakfast. I felt like I just wanted to walk along that road for a long ways, and like something was going to happen.

When I got to the top of the hill and looked back, I could see the light in the Bukacek's kitchen, and the light in our kitchen. I got to thinkin' about Mom and thought maybe I ought to go back, so I did. I guess I thought she might think she had to come and look for me.

When I got across the bridge and started along the river, I saw Pop sittin' on the big rock by the river. Mrs. Bukacek was there too, sittin' beside him—up close. They were talkin' real low. I could hear 'em when I got closer,—not what they said,—but I could tell they were talkin'. I hurried and went in the house. Mom was puttin' the baby to bed and she didn't even ask me where I'd been.

I got in bed real quick and tried to go to sleep, but I couldn't. I never can sleep when the moon is so bright. I wanted to walk up that road again, as far as it went, and I kept fidgeting around, and thinkin' about how funny my stomach felt when I was walkin' up that road. When I shut my eyes it seemed like the moon was shinin' on the inside of my eyelids. Then I kept thinkin' about Pop and Mrs. Bukacek sittin' out there on the rock, close up together.

Pretty soon I guess I must of gone to sleep, because when I woke up it was morning and the sun was shinin'. The baby wasn't in her crib, so I knew Mom must be up. I got out of bed and got dressed, like I always do, before breakfast.

I washed my face, and went into the kitchen. Mom was sittin' in the rockin' chair by the window, rockin' the baby. She didn't look at me. She wasn't mad about anything, it was just like she didn't know I was there, maybe. I said, "Where's Pop?"

Mom said, "Your father's gone. Your breakfast is on the table."

She didn't look at me. She just sat there rockin' the baby and hummin' a tune. It wasn't exactly "Bye, Baby Buntin'" that she was hummin', but it was sort of like that. Not any tune at all, much.

Then I remembered about Pop and Mrs. Bukacek and the moon. I didn't eat much breakfast, thinkin' about that, and thinkin' maybe I'd be late to school. Mom never did look at me, so I started to school.

When I was passing the Bukacek's place, Nellie ran out to walk to school with me.

"My Pop fixed my breakfast this morning," she said. "My Mom's gone away."

I didn't say anything about that. I just asked her did she do her homework, but I kept thinkin' about what I'd seen the night before. I didn't

The Golden Room

By HELEN SWICK

THE curtains were really she that night. They were very white and very soft and very yielding as the wind came through the windows and blew them against his body. She, too, had always been like that. She was so gossamer and fragile and white, and a very little girl. Sometimes they had even pretended just for fun that her white hair was only a wig, and that in reality she was a little girl dressed up for some delightful game. She had been such a light, airy, little thing that he had never been quite able to take hold of her: it was as if there was always some part of her which went far, far away.

He had always been afraid of many things—for storms, for instance. It was such a funny thing for an old man to be afraid of storms. But that fear was as nothing compared to this fear of death. She had been afraid, too, and so he had never dared to tell her that he was afraid. She had always come to him when she was frightened—and he had held her close—his, all his. The gentle push of the curtain was like the slight push of her body against his. Her voice had been very low, and her face white and scared: "I am so frightened, darling." Sometimes he had almost forgotten to be afraid in the joy of his complete possessiveness. Those were the only times when she was physically real to him.

Long ago, they had been a little frightened when there were no children. At first they had dared to joke about it a little. But after awhile it had seemed a tragedy, and they had forgotten to laugh. Once he had found in the sewing machine drawer a child's toy, ridiculously extravagant, and he had been very much frightened for fear she was not completely happy. She was so small and slight that he knew she could never have lived through childbirth. Later, things had been much better. There had been many nieces and nephews. In time they had collected an enormous box of toys—marvelous puzzles and many-colored building blocks. There had been much company in those days; he would never forget her as she stood by the kitchen stove and baked stacks of griddle cakes for Emily's boys.

But they had both liked the little girl best. She lived next door, and she was very quiet and very sweet. They had bought a graphophone for her one Christmas; they had decided to keep it at their house so the little girl would come more often. When the little girl was older, Phoebe had taught her how to play on the organ in the parlor. She was really their little girl.

There had not been enough time in those days. He had had so much painting to do. Everybody was prosperous, and all the farmers wanted their buildings done every two years. That was the reason they had gotten such an assortment of different colored paints in the shed—reds, and greens, and blues, and yellows. Phoebe and the little girl had thought of the idea of daubing all the paints on the side of the shed which did not show from the road. He had laughed at them of course; a man had to do that. But it was really quite exciting. The three of them had done it one Saturday afternoon. The little girl had been very happy, and Phoebe and he had both made out to each other that they only did it to please the little girl. Late in the afternoon they had printed their names at the bottom of the wall: Timothy, Phoebe and Jane. Then they had all promised solemnly not to tell anyone. Phoebe and he had felt a little foolish about it. Phoebe had laughed when she said, "No one will ever know." It was still a marvel to him when she laughed. The room was filled with her, and it was a golden room, and she was so little and white that it all seemed quite impossible.

It was queer about her hair. It had been golden when she was young. He had worried about it a great deal for fear it would turn gray. And he had not known at all that it was turning gray. She was such a dazzling white person that he could never look at her for long; it made the room dark afterwards. He had not noticed that her hair was gray until one day when they were out in the yard. She had run down to the mail box to get the mail. And her hair was white, beautifully white. He had not said anything to her about it. Later she had mentioned it to him; she had called it her powdered wig, and their laughter had been a thin, shrill streak of white in the room. It had made him slightly afraid at first. But after a while, her laughter had been full and golden, and he had ceased to be afraid.

They had both been worried about the school reunion at their home. All of the people who had gone to school with them were so old and so feeble, when they occasionally met them in town. And the day before the reunion he had felt very dizzy high up on the ladder painting Bates' farm. That night she had been afraid, too. She had washed her hair that day and it was very soft and wavy. The new blue dress, that she had made, had been pressed and lay across the bed

Death Nonchalant

By PETER FOREST

HE WAS TIRED, so tired that without effort he let himself drift wherever flowing space would carry him. It was something like sleeping in the middle of a windless sea would be: he touched nothing, heard nothing, saw nothing. Yet he knew that this was not sleep, for his brain still glowed like an old subdued fire. . . . He became conscious of his own thoughts. He tried to realize what he was thinking about. There was something wrong, strange. It was not worth troubling about.

Relaxed . . . that was the way he felt: there was a . . . a tingling, a soft thrilling through all his nerves, except—

Years entered into him and passed. Again he tried to think, tried to brush the inertness lazily aside. . . . except that somewhere there was a warmth that troubled him. He remembered how he used to wake up with the sunlight in his face. What was it? (Yellow sulphurous mists, like clouds rolling over and into themselves on the prairie, blew softly, quietly . . . within his brain.) The warmth? Like a remembered revelation, mellowed in memory, he recollected the guns.

Once there had been noise, and pain, and hurry, and confusion. He let himself brood over the impossibility of such things, even though he knew they had existed. People had not been calm and subtle as he was now; he himself had been tense, like a spring about to snap. Well, now he had broken, and was stilled. What had there been that hurried him?

The guns. They had pounded themselves into him, so that he found himself trembling and quivering when they paused in their deep drum-

in their room. She seldom touched the organ anymore, but that night she had played a while. The room had held her. The fear of the next day had almost given away to the joy of having her there in that room, and knowing that she depended on him for some sort of protection.

The next day had been rather awful of course. The old men had sat around and smoked and talked comfortably of their rheumatics. And he was worried for fear that when he went out in the kitchen where she was, she would be old—old like the rest of the women. He could not bear to look at her all day. But when everyone was gone, she had been there in the room and he had looked at her long. And he had felt very young when he thought of the shortness and the happiness of the years that had gone. He had tried to tell her something of that feeling. But one could only say very casual things to her. Always, all his life, he had been trying to tell her something of his feeling for her. And all he had ever said had been trivial things: "Any mail today?" when he came home from work—and "My, but dinner smells good." He had been afraid to go beyond that. She might guess that he was afraid—afraid. She did need him so for protection; it was the only thing he could give her. She must never guess. Her fear was easily understood; she was so small, so delicate. But he was strong; she would have only scorn for him if she knew. There was no way for him to anchor her fragility except by his silence.

Sometimes when he sat in church beside her, he was most afraid. The church was big and the organ music filled the room completely. She was still and her face was so transparent that it seemed as if she might drift away from him. It was very hard for him to believe everything that Dr. White said, and he felt helpless before her utter faith. It was as if she might go and leave him there in this great room with the serious choir boys and the great, noisy organ. He felt better when he could lay his hand on the pew beside her and feel the warmth of her body.

If he had died first, she would have known—known that all his protectiveness was a pretense. . . . Yes, in many ways he was glad. Somehow he had always managed to make her believe that he was protecting her. Even at the end, she had been afraid, and he had bent to kiss her, and almost he had lost all fear because she had needed him so.

The room was empty with darkness now. He turned on the light, but the darkness still lingered just outside the window. She had always been busy in the room at this time of evening, moving around straightening cushions, smoothing the hems of the curtains.

The room was really empty—and yet! All day long he had been busy painting the north side of the shed a dull gray to match the other three sides. All the blues and reds and streaks of green had disappeared under the gray. Only underneath he knew the colors were still there, and the words, Timothy, Phoebe and Jane.

No, he could not be afraid. She was still depending on him. She was frightened. He closed his eyes as he felt the gentle push of the white curtains against his body. And she was all there in the golden room, and he had forgotten to be afraid.

ming. All guns were bad, except his own. It was small and fat and made sounds like stones falling into water. The thought of his own gun so excited him that he tried to listen.

Instead, the pressing warmth returned. He stirred his stagnant mind, considering what it might be. . . . Unsurprisingly he abruptly knew: his knee. A great sound had exploded into glare, and he had pitched forward onto the wire.

Now he tried—everything had become a matter of trying: funny—to consider where he was. Probably still on the wire. Yet he flew softly and slowly through lukewarm nothingness. If he were still on the wire, he would feel its sharp barbs cutting into him. But he could not feel anything. He studied himself intently, intensely: if he were still on the wire, he would have been shot. Being shot meant that you did not think any more and became . . . became what? This too was not worth troubling about.

Another pause came, of centuries or—perhaps—seconds.

For the first time, the strangeness of things impressed him, like God had impressed him when he was a child. He flooded his mind with wonder. Formerly, everything was different. He could . . . could . . . could see. It occurred to him to open his eyes.

Seeing was pleasant. It made ideas jump in his head. He began to think words. Luster and dullness, sparkling and dullness, he could see brown, and light red—pink, and a touch of green. The light could not hurt him. It was silent and he could not feel it. If the difference of all the lights was properly looked at, it created things. There, for example, was his hand. It used to be white, but now it was red.

Weariness now was pleasant. He felt friendly to himself. It would be good to stay calm and lulled forever, with the kind warmth filling his head so he would not have to think or move. Unrest was hateful to him; it was enough to stir gently in the flux of space itself, which languidly streamed onwards forever.

He enjoyed looking. He knew by looking that he was on the wire, hanging forwards on it. Yet it did not cut him. Strange: he must think about it later.

Fire, somewhere there was fire. A metallic odor reached him. It was a queer scent, like cheap incense. Incense should smell like jasmynes. That was not to the point. These fumes were pungent: they . . . they hurt.

Silently he had spoken the magical word that destroyed quiet and ease, for now the pressing warmth returned, and the thrilling in his nerves became more and more intense until it developed into a full worn ache that pervaded him. And the stimulus of discomfort made him think: he knew that he was beginning to think faster.

Where was he? He was on the wire. He would be shot. Self-pity and angry impotence made his throat feel full, as though choked with blood. The lights began to flicker, to change, to come from the right, the left. Little flashes annoyed him. Darkness made lights brighter.

Like a whip sound descended upon him. He again heard the whole sky throbbing like a great drum, again heard the little spattering sound of machine-guns. His heart beat so that he could feel it; pain broke the bonds of numbness and thrust wildly through him. A lead cap was crushing his skull and fire tore him: He flung himself desperately backward; and the movement made him be deluged with torture.

Like the first raindrops of a storm, the bullets hunted for him. More alert than he had ever been before, he realized that the enemy must have noticed the movement of his body—to them a shadow on the wires. Cleverly he slumped in order that they would think they had killed him.

Killed him? They had already killed him. It would not be long before he died. Was it death, he thought, that he had experienced in those long sweet minutes of stagnation?

He thought of the recurring pain, and almost enviously remembered the gentleness of that death from which he had returned. Life? Pain and awakening over and over again, for a new eternity.

Deliberately he strained himself, lifting his hand and waving to the enemy guns. They answered him.

AUTUMN SOUL

Because I am of all grey sky
A fragment of its somber whole,
Since we are one, I know that I
Harbor an autumn soul.

And not because the clouds stoop low,
And trees are bare before the wind,
Not by them only do I know
I have an autumn mind.

For even when the pear-trees steal
A whiteness from the clouds, and grain
Grows summer-wise, still do I feel
The same autumnal pain.

—J. Theodore Bray.

An Artist In The Family

HAVING an artist in the family is both an asset and a liability. To all outside appearances, an artist in the family may seem to be only an asset. Whenever Art, with a capital "A," arises as a topic of conversation, one can always say, "Oh, yes, I have an aunt who is an artist of note." From that statement it is an easy step to monopolizing any conversation with interesting anecdotes of her idiosyncracies.

However, this is, after all, a dull pleasure, and no just compensation for the evils one must suffer attendant to having an artist in the family. I know, because we had one in our family. She was no less a personage than my great Aunt Hannah, who in addition to being an Artist, was an awe-inspiring person. She was as broad as she was long, and suffered with asthma. My memoirs of her broad figure puffing up and down stairs make me eschew candy and desserts, for it is said in the family that I am like her. This seeming resemblance began to be noticed when I was too young to protest.

The Christmas that I was two years old, my great Aunt Hannah descended on us for a visit. My parents were in the midst of trimming a tree and wrapping in tissue paper and ribbon a young fortune invested in toys, in order that they might have the pleasure of seeing me unwrap them again. Aunt Hannah donated a coin to my Christmas presents, and this coin was duly wrapped in tissue paper and tied with ribbon. It was the first gift which was handed to me when I was brought downstairs that Christmas morning.

That coin was an eventful one for me; it almost made me forever a round peg in a square hole, or a square peg in a round hole, whichever it is that is so terrible. When I pulled the paper and ribbon from the coin, it seems that I looked at it, smiled and exclaimed "Lady!" and then turned it over and chirped "Chickie!"

These childish exclamations were interpreted by my parents as a sign of great intelligence, and an innate politeness. They were certain that I understood that Aunt Hannah had given me the coin, and that I was being polite by exclaiming over it, and pretending that I liked it. Not so with Aunt Hannah. She was delighted, and said (so it has been reported to me), "Ah, what observation! The first requisite of an Artist!"

That was the beginning, and from that time on, I had no choice in the matter. I was to be an artist whether I would or no. The fact that I couldn't touch a crayon to paper without causing a smudge, the fact that I always spilled the water from my water-color set on the living room rug, and the fact that to me the Gibson Girls which now line our attic walls, were the epitome of Art, had no influence on my Great Aunt Hannah. She was determined, and I was powerless to resist, for it was she who furnished the money to pay for my lessons.

Before my advent into the family, and the apparent discovery that I was a potential artist, Aunt Hannah had been in the habit of giving her pictures to my parents on every occasion which called for a gift, such as Christmas, birthdays, and other anniversaries. When I began to grow, it was my turn, and I also received pictures, in addition to paint sets, and numerous books on the subject of painting. Sometimes at Christmas, as many as three, and even four brand new pictures from Aunt Hannah's prolific brush, would arrive to join those which had come before, in a sort of triumphal procession around our walls. We didn't dare not to hang them, for we never knew when Aunt Hannah might arrive unannounced, and have her feelings hurt, if the pictures she had sent were not properly hung. Then, too, there was a satisfaction in explaining, when one had callers who remarked about the number of pictures, that we had "an artist in the family."

In our front hall there is a long narrow panel of moonlight on a stream reflecting the birch trees along the stream-bank, there is a water-color of six pink rose buds in a horizontal position (these have a pale blue background), and there is a winter scene showing an old snow-covered mill, with a man standing on a bridge. This man was always a puzzle to me, for when one draws a chair up and stands close to this picture for inspection purposes, this man is nothing but a few rough strokes of the brush, and no man at all. One has to stand across the room to realize that the object on the bridge is a man. There is also a picture of a woman in a green dress, holding an infant with his head toward the observer. This is a very charming picture, except that the shape of the baby's head is very much like that of an egg. For a long while this

By DOROTHY PORTERFIELD

marred my enthusiasm for this particular picture.

The dining room wall has a frieze of still life efforts, all depicting fruit. The dining room seemed the most appropriate place for these objects. My bedroom contains all the pastoral scenes, and I grew up loathing a bilious sheep which grazes on bilious grass above the head of my bed.

While I did not realize it at the time, my parents must have been getting a subtle revenge, for every year my best efforts were framed, wrapped in the traditional paper and ribbon and sent as remembrances to my great Aunt Hannah on her birthdays and at Christmas time. Only one of my artistic efforts ever elicited any favorable comment. That was a very vivacious blonde in Russian boots and a pink skating costume trimmed with white fur; she was standing on one foot in front of a purple curtain. The lighting effects on the purple curtain were, to say the least, not very well done, and the face of the lady was a disappointment, even to me.

Aunt Hannah remarked that the Russian lady was rather unusual, but showed promise.

That was my last picture, for shortly after that was done, the news came that Aunt Hannah was no more. She had breathed her last during her afternoon nap. Pictures were no more in order. However, she must have spent her last efforts on the canvas which came to us when her will was read. This canvas was six by eight feet in size, and was a picture of a snow storm in a dreary wood. In the very front of this scene was an immense deer with great antlers.

When this picture arrived, the family marvelled at its size, and felt puzzled about finding a place to hang it. All the available wall space was taken up with the smaller pictures, and there was

no room anywhere for this enormous bequest. Being a family of resources, however, and also a family of habit, a delightful place was found for the deer on the wall against which the stairs ascent to the second floor. The deer was hung halfway up the stairs, and there he hangs to this day.

At first all the pictures were left hanging out of respect to Aunt Hannah. It was the intention of the family to take them all down and store them in the attic in due time, but it did not seem quite the right thing to do to take them all down just as soon as she was dead.

In the meantime, however, I had acquired several younger sisters, and as the family grew, and the children began to grow up in this atmosphere of pictures, and pictures done by a member of the family, the thought of a house barren of pictures, or decorated with strange pictures brought from a store, seemed desolate. The house would not be "home" if Aunt Hannah's pictures were taken down.

My artistic ambitions have fallen into dust, forgotten and unregretted. Aunt Hannah is nothing but a memory. I no longer paint, nor attempt to draw, and my family has long since realized that my painting will never bring me fame or fortune. And still the pictures which were the gifts of great Aunt Hannah hang in our house.

Some of them are my own property, as is the picture of the deer. There are one or two I should like to have with me now, but if I should move them, the whole house would have to be repapered for they have been hanging there so long now that the walls around them have faded.

When the time comes for me to die, I shall bequeath the picture of the deer, antlers and all, to the Elks' Club. I should so like to feel that this picture at least had found appropriate surroundings.

When All's Said And Done

By MARJORIE WARBURTON

DAN understood at last that death was inevitable. For almost an hour he had fought off the thought, but now he no longer had the temerity to defy death. The illusion of life, he thought to himself, was over for him, and in another hour he would be exploring new realms, be initiated into the Mysteries of Eleusis.

He was intensely interested in what death would reveal to him, and not once did he even doubt the existence of a lighter haven.

Seconds passed, and the white silence of the ether-filled room was supreme. Dan was faintly amused at the stillness—a soul could pass on through a clamorous atmosphere as easily as it could through a hush.

The soul knows no barriers.

Minutes must have marked their passage across the room, before the man on the bed stirred impatiently in weak excitement. A solicitous nurse approached, and Dan startled her out of her stately demeanor by asking peremptorily for a dictaphone apparatus.

"But," she soothed, "it's impossible." As Dan's eyes, however, compelled hers, she added, "Lie quite still while I try to get you one."

He waited contentedly for her return; and suddenly there she was, and beside her, a doctor. Dan shook his head as the doctor leaned and felt for his pulse, and then the doctor withdrew, leaving the nurse on guard. Later he opened his eyes and saw that the doctor was bringing in a dictaphone.

Dan was triumphant, and utterly at ease, as with Socratic philosophy he looked about him. It was queer the power that he held over these attendants, but he did not wonder. God had imbued him with wisdom in his last hour, and intangibly the doctor and nurse must feel the divine power emanating from him.

With a weak grasp he held the trumpet of the instrument, into which he would speak. Holding tight he drowsed, and the mural clock checked rhythmically off the fragments of time that brought increased weakness to his body. He felt his mind was too active. He must quiet it, so that no irrelevant words would creep in at the final moment.

Then he realized that now was the time. He

was grateful for his untimely death, when he realized what it would mean to mankind.

He felt a numbness in his legs and arms that seemed to cut him off from this world. Grasping the apparatus, lest his dying hand drop it too soon, he began to whisper into it. His voice seemed a little too faint, so he tried lifting it. For perhaps the length of two life-ebbing minutes he whispered, and gradually his eyelids drooped lower—lower—lower.

With a convulsive start he dropped the mouth-piece, groaning in death despair. Then it was over.

The doctor hurried forward, and laid his ear to Dan's breast. Sympathy for the young life, so abruptly ended, was overborne by curiosity. He wanted to hear the recording of Dan's voice that his straining ears had not been able to detect.

The dictaphone grated for several turns and then came Dan's tired, whispering voice:

"To record dying sensations. To perhaps give to posterity a slight knowledge of God's after-life. Now the air is heavy, and my body laden. Everything around me is light, but I'm weighted—weighted—weighted.

"The load is lifting from me. I'm getting lighter, and lighter. I have no body now. The air is musky. I can stand on it—stand without a body. I'm light, light as a feather. Oh, no! No! Two black clouds are approaching—one from above, one from below. They're black, empty nothingness. Oh, God! They're swooping down on me! Everything is dark! Black! Black! Black! Impenetrable! I'm smothered! They're coming closer. Heaven! Hell! Void in between! I'm being crushed in the void between heaven and hell! I see nothing! Dark—darker—deeper black! Ugh!"

The needle was stuck in a crack, and the "Ugh" continued, a prolonged screech of agony, disillusion, failure.

The doctor could endure it no longer. Jerking the record from the needle, he held it in trembling hands, and then dropped it deliberately to the hard white floor, while the stiff, horrified nurse gazed on the scene. Her glance strayed from the broken disk to the unbending, high bed. She saw the doctor stagger to it, and noted the gesture of utter finality with which he drew the cold sheets up over the horrible face of the dead—irrevocably dead—youth.

Dangerous Books

By MARGARET O'BRIEN

December 18, 1931.

Right Reverend L. Cabot Chase,
Bishop of the Diocese of Codshire,
Hub-on-the-Charles, New England.
Reverend Sir:

I feel it my duty again to call to your attention a book which, while slightly less shocking than "Elmer Cantoy" deserves to be banned immediately in order that it may not destroy those conceptions of the men of the ministry which you and our other leaders have by constant instruction and vigilant censorship succeeded in implanting in the minds of our people. I refer to "The Vicar of Wakefield," a work by one Oliver Goldsmith, which students in some secular schools of our country are required to read. The book, which is unfortunately written in a plausible and convincing manner, purports to give the life and philosophy of a rural minister and, through a well constructed plot, tells an interesting story of his misfortunes as well as of the lives and amours of his children. At one stage the narrative actually shows the minister as an inmate of a jail!

On persons of the impressionable age of college students, it will undoubtedly have a most undesirable effect. With a skill worthy of a better cause, with clever humor, and by seemingly sympathetic treatment the author presents his principal character, Dr. Primrose, the vicar of Wakefield, as a man of human frailties, of certain weaknesses and of some character defects which on close scrutiny are evident in sins of commission and in sins of omission. The intended and almost inevitable result is to cause the unthinking readers to take this character into their hearts. Only those rare persons who have had professional training in the discovery and detection of vice can appreciate the true iniquity of the book.

The enumeration of a few of this minister's sins of commission will indicate to you how the book departs from the conception of men of the cloth which have, at great labor, been made the model for stage and screen. Dr. Primrose not infrequently drinks alcoholic beverages. He not only indulges himself in this manner, but does it openly and unblushingly, even to the extent of visiting an alehouse. He does more. He boasts of making a kind of intoxicant which he calls "gooseberry wine"—and serves it in the vicarage! (Note—This is apparently an attempt by the publisher to introduce to our young people a new and vile conception which, upon inquiry, I find is not yet available here. As I feel that this is a proper part of my research work as Wayne Wheeler Fellow, I shall continue my investigation and report on this phase later.)

Dr. Primrose not only plays back-gammon with friends, but plays for small stakes—and takes chances in a lottery. I mean a lottery for a money prize, not a church raffle. (He does not win.) With obviously mistaken indulgence this minister permits his lovesick daughters to consider superstitions and to have their fortunes told by a gypsy vagrant.

Dr. Primrose shows an undue interest in sex in that he constantly boasts that he is a monogamist, thus focusing attention on a question which should never be mentioned and suggesting that some of our brethren improperly hold opposed views.

His sins of omission are, however, even greater and more reprehensible, if that be possible. With misguided kindness he permits his children to dance, to play ruff, to boisterous games. His daughters enjoy the simple pastimes of the country folk and make no effort to uplift their neighbors. Indeed, with only slight objection from him they use cosmetics, make matrimony their obvious aim, and give no time whatsoever to work in a Young People's Guild, Little Mothers' Clubs, etc. His sons are not required to be Sons of Temperance. His wife is permitted to devote herself almost entirely to management of the household and the children. She apparently takes no part in church affairs, but leaves this work to her husband, and he fails to provide the proper outlets for her spiritual energy in Ladies' Aid work, rummage sales, and strawberry festivals.

Dr. Primrose's principal defect is revealed when I inform you that he is interested only in the spiritual guidance of his flock and is content to leave all their other affairs entirely to their own judgment. He serves on no civic committees, heads no movements, and, indeed, does not even seek subscriptions or participate in drives for funds. This laissez-faire doctrine is being insidiously popularized by the required reading of this book.

Dr. Primrose is no part of the church militant. As a weapon against vice, he is not a strong shield nor may he be likened to the smooth bore cannon.

As an example of his philosophy of life, I quote one statement of Dr. Primrose, "That vir-

tue which requires to be ever guarded is scarce worth the sentinel." Here, indeed, is the true danger of the book! Readers who are exposed to such fallacy may come to adopt it and, with a widespread acceptance of such ideas, even such great works as your campaigns to restore the curfew laws and abolish mixed bathing beaches may find the public less receptive—and the contributors less willing.

If the public ever comes to accept as a proper example of a respectable minister a man such as this author's character, who undoubtedly will arouse sympathy, probably affection, certainly tolerance, and possibly approval in the minds of the readers, the dreadful outcome can scarcely be imagined.

For these reasons I feel confident that you will take immediate steps to prevent the dissemination of such ideas and that you will approve of my action in sending suitable protests to the Watch and Ward Society of Boston, the Church Board of Temperance, Morals, and Politics, and to the Society for the Suppression of the Joy of Living.

Respectfully yours,
Jennings Sunday McPherson,

(Signed)

Anthony Cohnstock Seminary,
Upper Tooting on Goose Creek,
Berkshire, New England.

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The University Hatchet

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Editor's Comment

Though getting it through the press has been a task equivalent to a Dantean excursion, this present issue is one of the most varied we have ever sent out. Not only have we made our first venture in a foreign language, but offer here in the last eight pages a trip to the Western Front, the arenas of Nero, a country home, the Capitol on the hill, a golden room.

Mr. Bonnerjea, who has just joined our staff, is one of the most skillful linguists at G. W. He is able to write easily and fluently in any one of a half-dozen languages, and it is only the exigencies of the printing room that prevent our giving examples of his works in other languages. (It will be noted that this poem is unique in being the only French poem ever written, which consciously avoided all accents and diacritical marks. This phenomenal achievement was inspired by our press being absolutely lacking in any of the refinements of language, such as tildas, cedillas, graves and acutes.)

We are glad to announce the coming of Mr. Samuel Detwiler to our staff. In addition to his other numberless activities on the campus, he has now assumed the task of being our contact man for the English department—together with far more serious and complex duties too mysterious to mention here.

After the adroit rearrangements we have made in our staff, we have things all arranged so that we can call a general meeting of all persons interested sometime in January. New members are always welcome to the staff, because it means less work for us to do. And the mechanical complexities of an editor's life make it a not-blessed one. There is always the temptation to print what appeals to our personal tastes—or the equally deadly trap of printing what appeals to our readers' worst taste, such as detective stories. (By the way, if anyone around this school ever writes a real detective story that doesn't sound like a fire-arms catalog combined with Artemus Ward, we'd like to see it. It would be a quite pleasant change from the serious stuff we've been running.)

Another thing that we would be interested in is a contribution by some alumnus, alumna or student acquainted with old-timers who could write us a history of higher literature at G. W. We are constantly being embarrassed with a lack of antecedents.

The Hermit

By HENRI LE MENAGER

GET out your atlas, turn to a map of the Chesapeake Bay, go south-east to thirty-eight, and you will find a pin-point of black in the blue.

That's it, Watts Island, fifteen miles to the nearest mainland and actually only as big as the average city lot! As Captain Will Darlington of the "Ada Ballenger" is wont to say, "When the wind's nor-nor' east, thar tain't a place on the island you can't feel salt spray."

So that's Watts Island, Charles Hardenberg's own personal Elba. But after all, it's Charlie I want to tell you about, not his lonely home.

Charlie has lived on that island for twenty-two years and he aims to stay there 'till the end. He doesn't keep a living thing for company, not even a hound dog, but he never gets lonesome. Thriving on his solitude and meager diet of sea-food and canned goods, he is never ill and has a coat of tan that would make some of these sun-bath fanatics turn green with envy. When the weather keeps him indoors he plays solitaire and that's about all. He doesn't read much because he hasn't any books.

Queer, you'd call him. I wouldn't. I know Charlie, and think he's a damn sight more sensible than most folks that lead what you call a normal life. . . .

Back in 1908—Hardenberg was a successful lawyer up in Jersey. He was traveling the road most of us take—the road on which we slave, and sweat, and bleed, and when we've reached the end get our reward—eternal nothingness.

Charlie had worked for the place he held in the scale of society. He had gained what is known as a Position in Life. Then his father fell ill and Charlie spent hours and days with a dying man and finally saw that man lose the battle for life. All this time Hardenberg was doing a lot of thinking, and the kind of thinking one does in the shadow of death isn't very conducive to continuous effort even if the shadow doesn't fall directly on you. When it was all over, Charlie thought he needed a long rest. He thought time would cure his ills; so he went to Watts Island and took up quarters on the abandoned light-keeper's little brick house.

That was twenty-two years ago and time has had its chance to work the cure. But it has failed, for Charles Hardenberg has no desire to take up the mask again and enter the show of life. He has found his place permanently among the handful of patient spectators at the spectacle who offer no spoken criticisms and ask no unanswerable questions.

The waves drone their endless murmur against the island's shore and the blue bay sparkles in the sunlight; the tides change and the seasons come and go, while the world beyond continues its mad pace.

Woodcut

The charcoal trees were black and stiff
The snowing sky was white,
But now the trees are ghostly limbed
And all the background night.

—Lee Anna Embrey.



La Rose

Incline toi, ma belle rose,
Car c'est le sort.
Ton sang n'est plus, ta bouche est close,
Ton coeur est mort.

Les vents d'hiver glacent la plaine,
La vie se meurt.
Tu vas mourir: Ta plainte est vaine,
Ma pauvre fleur!

Console toi: Toutes les choses,
Les animaux,
Les mers, les vents, les fleurs, les roses
Ont leurs tombeaux.

Chaque grand bois est une planche,
Le fer, un clou
Pour leurs cercueils, et, en revanche,
Pour ceux de nous.
La loi est dure, O pauvre rose

Pour toi, pour moi.
Meurs donc. En paix ton front repose
Car c'est la loi.

—Rene Bonnerjea.